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Pupus presented for the Fifth Standard are to be examined by the Inspector in 'the highest reading-book used in the school.' In the great majority of schools that book will be Standard V. Where, however, a sixth class is formed, the fifth class will be examined in the sixth book. To meet this awkward arrangement, the Sixth and Fifth Standards of this series are made of about the same difficulty. Again, those reading the Sixth Book, and presented for the Sixth Standard, may be examined either in the book they have been reading, or in a newspaper. We have, accordingly, admitted into this volume extracts similar to those which may be found in the best journals. This may be safely said, that, if the Sixth Book be thoroughly mastered, the pupils need not fear the newspaper-test. The pieces in this, as in the preceding books of the 'Narrative Series,' are fresh and Scarcely any—if any—will be found in other school reading-books.

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ARITHMETIC.—A sum in Practice, or Bills of Parcels.



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### STANDARD VI.

#### THE RISING TIDE.

HOPE and Cross remained some time quite absorbed in examining the form of the rock and the creatures within it. Hope was in the act of breaking off some small bits to carry home with him, when Cross suddenly gave a loud shout, calling out: 'The Lord have mercy on us! I forgot the tide, and here it comes!'

Hope turned towards the sea, and saw a stream of water running at a rapid pace, and covering the sandy creek, where the eels had been found. Not aware of the danger, he said quite quietly: 'Oh, so it does; I suppose we had better be off!'

'If we can,' said Cross. 'By crossing the rock, we may yet be in time.' He looked rather pale as he spoke; and Hope, seeing his alarm, hastened to follow him. For the moment, Cross ceased speaking; he scrambled up the rocks, and began walking as rapidly as he could across them, towards the nearest shore; but the pace was necessarily slow, for the roughness in some parts, and the slipperiness in others, obliged them to pick their steps. The numberless crevices, which had been a source of amusement an hour before, now served still further to retard their progress, for they were forced to make many a detour

to get past them. At last they reached the highest point, and could see before them.

'Thank God!' said Cross, 'the land is not yet covered! But we must run for it.'

The sand was, in fact, still visible; but small lines of blue water could be seen marking and breaking the surface.

They hastened on, Hope looking at these lines, which seemed rapidly to increase in breadth; but he was soon obliged to keep his eyes on the ground, for, in looking up, he had placed his foot on a bunch of weed, slipped, fell, and got a severe shake, besides cutting his hands.

In three minutes more, however, they were at the edge of the sand; but when they reached it, they saw that the sand was now in stripes, the water in sheets.

'We shall do yet,' said Cross, 'for here is a girl before us.' He began to run rapidly, and Hope followed. They proceeded thus for about two hundred yards, when they saw the little girl, who turned out to be the same from whom Hope had bought the crabs, coming hastily towards them. She reached them before they had advanced many more paces; and as she ran she called out something, which they could not at first understand, for she was so much out of breath.

When she was close to them, they could distinguish that she said: 'The wave! the wave! it is coming! Turn! turn! and run, or we are lost!'

They did turn; and they saw, far out to sea, a large wave rolling towards the shore. Blown as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps towards the rocks they had just left.

The little girl passed them, and led the way; the two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for, as they neared the rock, the wave still rolled on: the sand became gradually covered, and their last ten steps were up to their knees in water, but they were on the rock.

'Quick! quick!' said the girl; 'there is the passage to cross; and if the second wave comes, we shall be too late.'

She ran on for a hundred yards, till she came to a crack in the rock, six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill-sluice.

'We are lost!' said the girl, 'I cannot cross it; it will carry me away!'

'Is it deep?' asked Cross.

'Not very,' she said; 'but it is too strong!'

Cross lifted the girl in his arms, he was a strong, big man; he plunged into the stream, which was up to his waist. With a few strides he was across, and set the girl down. He then held on by the rock, and stretched out his hand to Hope, who was following, like an experienced wader, taking very short steps, and with his legs well stretched out, to prevent his being swept away by the force of the water. Hope grasped the hand thus held out to him, and in another second, the two friends were standing by the girl.

'That is tremendous!' said Hope. 'If I had not seen it, I never would have believed it!'

'It is indeed,' said Cross; 'and in winter, or in blowing weather, the tide-wave comes in with far greater force than this we have just seen.'

'Come on! come on!' cried the girl, as she again led the way to the higher point of light-coloured rock, which Hope had remarked in the morning. When they had reached it, she said: 'We are safe now!' and kneeling down, she returned thanks for the deliverance. After a few minutes thus spent, the girl looked up, and smiled to Cross. 'Thank you,' said she, 'for lifting me over! I could not have crossed myself. And,' she continued, 'the second wave has come, and it is all water now!'

The friends looked; all around them was the wide sea. They were on an island, which each moment became less; and this island was three quarters of a mile from the shore.

'I am afraid, sir, you will be cold!' said the little girl.
'We are quite safe here, for this point is always above water, except in a storm; but we shall have to remain here three or four hours before we can go to the shore.'

'Cold or hot,' said Cross, 'we may be thankful we are here! But what made you forget the tide, for you must know the coast so well?'

'I did not forget it,' she said; 'but I feared you would be drowned, as you are strangers, and I thought I should be in time to tell you; but I was too late, and the wave came!'

'And did you risk your own life to save ours?' said Hope, the tears starting into his eyes.

'I thought that at anyrate I should get here,' she replied. 'As you are strangers, I knew you would not know that it is always dry here; and on the strand you would be lost: so I came to help you, for the gentleman was kind, and gave me a good price for my crabs. So I hoped I should be in time to warn you, but I was very nearly too late!'

Hope took the little girl in his arms, and kissed her. 'We owe you our lives, brave little creature!' he said. 'I thank you in the meantime, and hope to do more for

you hereafter! I wonder what she would most like in the world?

'Ask her,' said Cross. Hope did so.

'To have a dress,' she said, 'to wear when I go to mass, just like the one Angela's sister had on last Sunday, with a beautiful silver crucifix like hers!'

'You must bring Angela to see us to-morrow, and she will help us to get the dress we have promised.'

'Oh, happy, happy day!' she said. 'Angela will be so pleased.'

'If ever we get ashore,' said Hope; for a wave at that moment rolled past, and the waters began to run along the little platform they were sitting on. They all rose, and mounted on the rocky points, where they clustered, supporting each other. Another wave came, it appeared only like a ripple; but when they looked down, the water was a foot deep, where they had previously been seated. There was silence for awhile. Another wave came: the water was within six inches of their feet.

'It is a terrible high tide,' said the girl; 'but if we hold together, we shall not be washed away.'

Hope's face was towards the shore. 'There are a great many people clustering on the point,' he said. 'It is always a comfort to know that our fellow-beings take an interest in us; and I suppose those people are watching us.'

The little girl turned to look. A faint sound of a cheer was heard, and they could see the people on shore wave their hats and handkerchiefs.

'They think the tide has turned,' she said; 'and they are shouting to cheer us.'

She was right; the tide had turned. Another wave

came and wet their feet: but when it had passed, the water had fallen, and in five minutes more the platform was again dry.

It was dark before the tide had receded far enough to admit of their wading across the sands to the shore.

Life in Normandy.

#### THE SANDS OF DEE.

1.

'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!'
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

2

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she!

3

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?

A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea.

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dec. -

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel crawling foam,

The cruel hungry foam,

To her grave beside the sea:

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,

Across the sands of Dee.

#### MOTHER GREENWATER'S TEN WORKMEN.

Winter evenings had begun to close in at William's farm. After the labour of the day, the whole family gathered round the fireside, and a few neighbours dropped in to join them, for in those lonely valleys the houses are few and far between, and neighbours are almost like relations.

Sometimes Cousin Prudence would pay them a visit, despite the distance, and then there were gay doings at the farm, for this cousin could tell stories better than any one in those parts. He not only knew all the old tales their grandfathers were wont to tell, but he was also acquainted with books. He knew the origin of all the old houses, and the history of all the old families; he had learned the names of the large moss-covered stones that stood erect like pillars on the hill: in short, he possessed all the traditions and science of the place.

Yet more than this he had—for he was wise! He could read the human heart and find out the cause of its sorrows—it was on this account that they all gave him the name of Goodman Prudence.

For the first time since the New Year he came to pay

them a visit in the valley, and everybody exclaimed with delight at the sight of him. He was placed in the best seat beside the fire, and the rest made a circle round him; William took his pipe and sat down opposite.

Then Prudence asked questions about everybody and everything, from the farmer's crops to his wife and poultry-yard. The young wife, Martha, replied carelessly, as if she were thinking of something else—as indeed she was, for the pretty Martha's thoughts often wandered to the large village in which she had been brought up. She regretted the dances under the elm-trees; the long walks through the cornfields with the merry girls who laughed as they gathered the wild-flowers; the long gossips in the court, and by the well. So Martha was to be seen pretty frequently with her hands before her, and her pretty head on one side, while she recalled the past.

It was so this evening—while the other women worked, the farmer's wife sat before her spinning-wheel without spinning, and Goodman Prudence saw it all out of a corner of his eye without saying a word.

The family and the neighbours were all round him, and they began: 'Goodman Prudence tell us a story!—a story!'

He smiled, and glanced at Martha, still idle. 'I am to pay for my welcome, am I?' he said; 'very well, as you will, good friends. The last time I told you of the days when armies of pagans ravaged our hills—that was a tale to please the men. To-day I shall talk to please the women and children. Every one in his turn. Then we talked of Cæsar—now we will talk of Mother Greenwater.'

Every one burst out laughing, then they quickly settled themselves. William relighted his pipe, and Prudence began: 'This story is not an old nurse's story, for you may read it in the almanac of true histories; it is an adventure that happened to our grandmother Charlotte. William knew her, and what a wonderfully brave woman she was.

'Grandmother Charlotte had been young once, though it was not easy for any one to believe it who saw her gray locks, and her hook nose almost touching her chin; but people of her own age said no young girl had been better looking in her time, or more merrily disposed.

'Unfortunately, Charlotte was left alone with her father to manage a large farm, that had more debts than crops on it, so that one kind of labour succeeded another, and the poor girl, not accustomed to so many cares, often despaired, and because she could not do everything, did nothing at all.

'One day as she sat before the door, her two hands under her apron, she began talking to herself in a low voice: "In very truth, my task is not fit for a Christian, and it is a great pity at my age that I alone should be tormented by so many cares. If I were more diligent than the sun, swifter than water, and stronger than fire, I could not do all the work of the house. Ah, why is the good fairy Greenwater no longer in the world? If she could hear me, and would help me, perhaps we might find a way out—I of my cares, and my father of his difficulties."

"Be satisfied then, here I am!" interrupted a voice, and Charlotte saw Mother Greenwater in front of her, looking at her, as she leaned on her little stick of boxwood.

'The young girl was frightened for a moment, for the fairy was not dressed according to the fashion of the

ecounty. She had on a frog skin, the head served her for a level, and she was as ugly, as old and wrinkled, that me one would have married her if she had had a million of money.

'However, Chariesto near recovered and asked the thirt in a troubling robus but very politoly, what she could do to serve her.

"It is I who am come to serve you." replied the old halv. "I heard you complaining, and have brought you halp in your difficulties."

"Ab do you speak seriously, good mother?" cried thankers, quite at home with her directly. "Are you cause to give me a bit of your wand, that I may make all my work easy with it!"

"Notice than that," replied Pume Greenwater; "I have brought you ten little workmen, who will do everything you bid them."

- "Where are they!" asked the young girl.
- " You shall see them."

'The old dame opened her clock, and from under it came ten dwarfs of different sizes.

'These are the strongest," said the fairy; "they will help you at every kind of work, and will make up in strength what they want in dexterity. The two next are talker and more clever; they know how to spin, and to do all household-work. Their brothers, who are talker still, as you may see, are specially clever at needlework, as you may tell by the little brass thimbles I have given them far hats. Here are two others, less skilful, who wear a ring by way of sash, and who can only help at general work, and the same is true of the last two, but they are very willing. All the ten may appear to you but poor little things;

but you will see them at work, and then you will judge."

'The old dame made a signal, and the ten dwarfs rushed forward. Charlotte saw them perform, in turn, the roughest and most delicate kinds of work: they were pliant, skilful, and able to accomplish everything. Astonished, she gave a loud cry of joy, and, stretching her arms out to the fairy: "Ah, Mother Greenwater," she cried, "lend me these ten brave workers, and I will ask nothing more!"

"I will do more than that," replied the fairy, "I will give them to you; only as you cannot carry them about with you for fear people should accuse you of witchcraft, I will order them to make themselves small, and hide in your ten fingers."

'When this was done: "Now, you know what a treasure you possess," said Dame Greenwater; "but all will depend on the use you make of it. If you do not govern your little servants; if you leave them idle, they will be of no profit to you; keep them well in order, lest they go to sleep; never leave your fingers quiet, and the work you are so frightened at will be done as if by magic."

The fairy had spoken the truth, and our grandmother, who followed her advice, succeeded not only in putting the whole farm on a better footing, but in laying by something for herself, which, when she was happily married, helped her to bring up her eight children in comfort and honesty. Since this time there is a tradition that Dame Greenwater's labourers have descended to all the women of our family, and that if they bestir themselves ever so little, the little workmen are put in action to our great profit; and we have a saying among ourselves, that it is

to the wife's ten fingers we owe all the prosperity, all the joy, and all the comfort in the house.'

As he said these last words, Goodman Prudence turned towards Martha. The young wife blushed, cast down her eyes, and picked up her distaff.

William and his cousin exchanged a glance.

All the family silently reflected on the story. Each tried to understand its full meaning, and to apply it to himself; but the pretty farmer's wife understood that it was really addressed to her, for her face brightened, her wheel turned fast, and the flax on the distaff grew less and less.

#### THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

1.

The warder\* looked from his tower on high, As far as he could see:

'I see a bold knight, and by his red cross, He comes from the East country.'

2

Then down the lord of the castle came,
The Red-Cross Knight to meet,
And when the Red-Cross Knight he espied,
Right loving he did him greet.

3.

'Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-Cross Knight,
For thy fame's well known to me;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily.

\* The sentinel on his watch-tower.

'Oh! I am come from the Holy Land, Where saints did live and die; Behold the device I bear on my shield— The Red-Cross Knight am I!

5.

'And we have fought in the Holy Land, And we've won the victory; For with valiant might did the Christians fight, And made the proud Pagans flee.'

6

'Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-Cross Knight; Come, lay thy armour by; And for the good tidings thou dost bring, We'll feast us merrily.'

7.

'Oh! I cannot stay,' cried the Red-Cross Knight,
'But must go to my own country—
Where manors and castles will be my reward,
And all for my bravery.'

8.

'Oh! say not so, thou Red-Cross Knight, But if you will bide with me, With manors so wide, and castles beside, I'll honour thy bravery.'

9.

'I cannot stay,' cried the Red-Cross Knight,
'Nor can I bide with thee,
But I must haste to my king and his knights,
Who are waiting to feast with me.'

'Oh! say not so, thou Red-Cross Knight,
But if you will stay with me,
With feast and with dance, with tourney\* and lance,
We'll honour thy bravery.'

11.

'I cannot stay,' cried the Red-Cross Knight,
'Nor can I feast with thee;
But I must haste to a pleasant bower,†
Where a lady's waiting for me.'

12

'Oh! say not so, dear Red-Cross Knight,
Nor heed that fond lady;
For she can't compare to my daughter fair,
And she shall wed with thee.'

13.

And now the lute's sweet silver sound Re-echoed through the hall, And in that lord's fair daughter came, With her ladies clad in pall.‡

14

The lady was decked in costly robes,

And shone as bright as day;

And with courtesy sweet the knight she did greet,

And presséd him to stay.

15.

'Right welcome, brave Sir Red-Cross Knight, Right welcome unto me; And here long time I hope thou'lt stay, And bear us company.'

Tournament. † Boudoir, lady's drawing-room. ‡ A fine robe, from Lat. pallium, 'a cloak.'

'It grieves me much, thou lady fair,
That here I cannot stay;
For a beauteous lady is waiting for me,
Whom I've not seen many a day.'

17.

And as the lady pressed the knight, With her attendants all, Oh! then bespake a pilgrim youth, As he stood in the hall:

18.

'Now, Heaven thee save, good Red-Cross Knight, I'm come from the north country, Where a lady is laid all in her sick-bed, And evermore calls for thee.'

19.

'Alas! alas! thou pilgrim-boy, Sad news thou tellest me; Now I must ride full hastily, To comfort that dear lady.'

മ

'Oh! heed her not,' the lady cried,
'But send a page to see,
While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
And we feast us merrily.'

21.

Again bespake the pilgrim-boy,
'Ye need not send to see;
For know, Sir Knight, that lady's dead,
And died for love of thee.'

22

Oh! then the Red-Cross Knight was pale,
And not a word could say;
But his heart did swell, and his tears down fell,
And he almost swooned away.

23

'Now fie on thee! thou weakly knight, To weep for a lady dead; Were I a noble knight like thee, I would find another to wed.

24.

'So come, cheer up, and comfort your heart, And be good company, While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung, And we feast so merrily.'

25.

In vain that courtly lady strove
The sorrowing knight to cheer;
Each word he answered with a groan,
Each soothing with a tear.

26.

'And now farewell, thou noble lord,
And farewell, lady fair,
In pleasure and joy your hours employ,
Nor think of my despair.'

27.

- 'And where is her grave,' cried the Red-Cross Knight,
  'The grave where she doth lie?'
  'Oh! I know it well,' cried the pilgrim-boy,
  - 'And I'll shew it thee hard by.'

'I'm glad I've found thee, pilgrim-boy, And thou shalt go with me, And thou shalt guide to my lady's grave, And great thy reward shall be.'

29

Again he sighed, and wept forlorn,
For his lady that was dead;
'Lady, how sad thy wedding-tide,
How cold thy bridal-bed!'

30.

Thus the Red-Cross Knight complained and sighed,
While all around did cry,
'Let the minstrels sing, and the bells out ring,
And the feast eat merrily.'

31.

And now the gentle moon around
Her silver lustre shed,
Brightened each current, wall, and tower,
And distant mountain's head.

32

By whose sweet light the knight his way Hath ta'en, though not with joy, And with him goes, on mounted steed, The faithful pilgrim-boy.

33.

Oh! fast they sped, to reach the dead, And few the words they spoke; Save when the passing\* convent bell Fresh tears and sighs awoke.

\*The bell which tolled for the dying.

34

Save when at midnight, o'er the wold, The priests did bend their way, With taper bright and holy light, For some sinful soul to pray.

35

Then louder wailed the knight; and rued His fortune, to be torn From a maid as fair, and true, and good As ever yet was born.

36.

Now slower sped that pilgrim-boy, And reined his prancing steed, Some sudden pang had seized his heart, So formed for gentle deed.

37.

'Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim-boy?'
The knight all wondering cried;
'Why dost thou pant, thou pilgrim-boy,
When I am by thy side?'

38.

The knight he ran and clasped the youth, And oped his pilgrim's vest, And, lo! it was his lady fair, His lady dear he pressed.

39.

'Grieve not for me, my faithful knight,'
The lady faint did cry;
'I'm well content, my faithful knight,

Though in thy arms I die.

'As a pilgrim-boy I've followed thee, In truth full cheerfully, Resolved, if thou shouldst come to ill, Dear knight, to die with thee.'

41

'Nay, Heaven forfend,' the knight replied,
'And rather grant thee grace
To live for him—now, oh! how blest,
Who gazes on thy face!'

42.

But, see! a hostel\* by the road,
In time of need they spy;
And there his true-love he hath led
To gain fresh strength or die.

43.

And many a cordial quick they brought To cheer her, from their hoard; But, quicker than aught else, his smiles That lady's heart restored.

44

On palfrey now, and prancing steed,
They sped right gaily on;
Oh! never on fairer knight and maid
The rising sunbeams shone!

45

And blessed was he, that Red-Cross Knight,
To find his sorrows o'er;
And her, his long-lost love and life,
Never to leave him more.

\* Inn.

Castles and manors wide were given

To that knight so true and bold,

And the king and his court made merry sport

O'er their cups of pearl and gold.

#### THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

A kind of dread had hitherto kept me back; but I was restless now, till I had accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk; I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon, after a slight breakfast at my inn, where I was mortified to perceive the old landlord did not know me again—old Thomas Billet, he has often made angle-rods for me when a child—I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

Our old house was vacant, and to be sold; I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bed-chamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood: I felt like a child; I prayed like one. It seemed as though old times were to return again. I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew; but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun, when I awoke in a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

I visited by turns every chamber; they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold: I touched the keys; I played some old Scottish tunes,

which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music, blended with a sense of unreality, which at last became too powerful—I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood, that stands at the back of the house; we called it the Wilderness. A well-known form was missing that used to meet me in this place: it was thine, Ben Moxam, the kindest, gentlest, politest of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles without a soft speech and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam, that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees. I remember them sweeping to the ground.

I have often left my childish sports to ramble in this place; its glooms and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, nurturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking which have accompanied me to maturer years.

In this Wilderness I found myself after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir-trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood: the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon—all was as I had left it; my heart softened at the sight—it seemed as though my character had been suffering a change since I forsook these shades.

My parents were both dead; I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof. The Lord had taken away my friends, and I knew not where He had laid them. I paced round the Wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed that I might be restored to that state of innocence in which I had wandered in those shades.

Methought my request was heard, for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to have been moulded into a perfect child. I stood still as in a trance. I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my heavenly Father, and extravagantly put off the shoes from my feet, for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

This state of mind could not last long, and I returned, with languid feelings, to my inn. I ordered my dinner, green peas and a sweetbread: it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood—I was allowed to have it on my birthdays. I was impatient to see it come upon table; but when it came I could scarce eat a mouthful, my tears choked me. I called for wine; I drank a pint and a half of red wine, and not till then had I dared to visit the churchyard where my parents were interred.

The cottage lay in my way. Margaret had chosen it for that very reason, to be near the church, for the old lady was regular in her attendance on public worship. I passed on, and in a moment found myself among the tombs.

I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot again; my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending: a plain stone was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it, for they both occupied one grave.

I prostrated myself before the spot; I kissed the earth that covered them; I contemplated with gloomy delight the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs, and

kneeled, with my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer, for I could not speak.

Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects. Still I continued in the churchyard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralising upon them with that kind of levity which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind in the midst of deep melancholy. I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. said jestingly, where be all the bad people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children, what cemeteries are appointed for these? Do they not sleep in consecrated ground-or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their lifetime, discharged the offices of life perhaps but lamely! Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. Man wars not with the dead. It is a trait of human nature, for which I love it.

#### ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

1.

Abon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said:

4 What writest thou? —The vision raised its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

2

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night It came again with the great wakening light, And shewed the names whom love of God had blessed, And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

# 'THE SHIP AT ANCHOR,'

#### A TAVERN.

A sailor, who was in the habit of spending all his money at the public-house, one day made a vow to be temperate in future, and kept it. Meeting with an old friend about a twelvementh afterwards, the following conversation took place:

Peter. Hollo, Jack! Here you are back from America. Jack. Yes, Master Peter.

Peter. Won't you come in, and have a glass this cold day?

Jack. No, Master Peter, no! I cannot drink.

Peter. What, Jack, can you pass the door of the 'Ship at Anchor' without taking a cup with your friends?

Jack. Impossible, Master Peter; I have a swelling here—don't you see it?

Peter. Ah! that's because you don't drink your grog

as you used to do. Drink, my boy, and the swelling will soon go down.

Jack. You are quite right there! [He pulls out of his pocket a large leathern purse full of money.] There's the swelling I have given myself by steering clear of the 'Ship at Anchor.' If I begin drinking again, it will soon go down—there's not the least doubt of that.

Peter. Is it possible you have saved so much money, Jack?

Jack. It is, indeed, and I mean to go on doing it; and when I pass the 'Ship at Anchor' after my next voyage, I hope to shew you a new swelling on the other side.

# HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

1.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
'Good-speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

9

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place; I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight, Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right, Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit, Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

8.

"I'was moonset at starting; but, while we drew near Lokeron, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear; At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; At Diffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be; And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,

No Joris broke silence with: 'Yet there is time!'

4.

At Acrechot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders each butting away,
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

5.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track; And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance! And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon His florce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

Ω

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris: 'Stay, spur! Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her, Wo'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees, .

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank. 7.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-tower sprang white,
And 'Gallop,' cried Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

8

'How they'll greet us!' and all in a moment his roan Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone; And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate, With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim, And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

9

Then I cast my loose buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

10.

And all I remember is friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which—the burgesses voted by common consent—
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

## VILLAGE PURSUITS.

I have already mentioned my visits to the tailor. carpenter, and the brickmaker; but there was not a trade in the whole village but was a matter of many an hour's observation to us, and very interesting they are to all young folks; and there is a deal of useful knowledge to be picked up from watching them. It was a delight to us-not only to make our shoe-heel bricks, but to watch old Samuel Poundall moulding his also on a sort of rude table, and handing them over rapidly to a parcel of bare-legged lads, who laid them down in rows on the smooth clay-floor of the brick-yard. To see the men digging, turning, and grinding the clay, or the lads turning and clapping those that were drying in the yard; to see them pile them up on open walls to dry still faster, and lay straw on the top to prevent the sun and rain and frost from injuring them, which shewed us why the Israelities in Egypt could not do without straw, when they were compelled to make bricks for Pharaoh. It was a grand sight to see them pile their unbaked bricks in the great kiln, and cover them over with earth or ashes, and make great fires in fireplaces all round. To see it blazing away like a huge furnace in the dark night; and then to see them, when it was cool, open it, and take out the bricks red and hard, and fit to build houses to last five hundred years.

And it was next a subject of great interest to see these bricks turned into houses. Many and many were the hours that we spent in watching Abraham Street and his man in their building-work. First, we found them where some old house stood, busy at work some

morning on the very top of it, and beginning to strip off the roof, and pull it down. Off came old thatch, down came dusty old beams and spars, down came the walls; and in a few days, the place was cleared, and they were digging out the foundation for a new erection; while a man sat with a curiously-shaped instrument, having an edge at each end, dressing the old bricks, as they called it—that is, hewing off the old mortar, and preparing them again for use. It was a matter of daily speculation and notice what sort of a place they would raise. Everything was a very interesting concern to us: the putting down the great timber-centres, as they called them, or framework on which to build an arch; then the gradual growing of the walls, with spaces left for doors and windows; then the putting in the window-frames and door-frames, and laying across the joists and beams of the floors; then the putting up of the roof; and then the tilers coming and covering it. Every degree of progress was a fresh source of curiosity and pleasure to us. The glazing-work, and the laying of the floors, and the putting in of fireplaces and cupboards, and setting up the stairs and draining the walls, and the putting on the first fires; and above all, to see the tenants come in, with all their furniture, to a real housethe work of Sam Poundall, the brickmaker; Abraham Street, the bricklayer; Brough, the carpenter; Jackson, the tiler; and Allen, the glazier. Palaces may be built, and thousands may stand from day to day and watch and wonder; but I do not believe that any one of those spectators feel more wonder or pleasure than a villagelad does over the building of a cottage.

But every rural trade had its attractions for us. We made our visits to the old shoemaker as often as to the

builder; and I don't know that I could not put a shoe together if I were to try-though I never did-for every part of the mystery is familiar to me. I liked to sit and watch him hammering away at a leather sole on his lapstone. I watched, with curious eves, the making of his wax, which is pitch and oil melted together, and made into balls. The great old water-pot, too, in which he floated his waxed balls, to keep them firm and hard, I see it as plainly as possible standing behind his door. I see the merry old man twisting his tacking-ends, as he called his waxed thread, soaking his soling leather in water, cutting out upper-leathers, and explaining to me all the time that the leather was the skin of cows or calves, seals or kids, as it happened to be, which had been tanned and curried, or dressed in different ways, and coloured or dyed by different methods, till it assumed its proper appearance and smell. All this was curious information to me, as well as the making of the welts, the stitching on the soles, and, lastly, the binding and polishing.

Then there were the miller and baker, whose arts were also favourite studies. I loved to hear the clack of the mill as I ran up the hill where it stood, of a holiday-afternoon, and mounted the steps that seemed to sink and tramble under my feet as I went up; and there was the 'rusty, dusty miller,' as we called him, always looking as happy and composed as possible. It used to seem to me that there was something in the very air of a mill that made people comfortable. One never seemed to see people noisy and quarrelling in a mill as in other places. The very rocking and knocking and humming sound of the mill seemed to subdue and soothe all boisterous humours and bad passions. Boom and rattle went the

wheels; down kept floating the flour into the bag suspended below; the miller, with his 'mealy face,' quiet and good-humoured; a pleasant smell came from the grinding corn and the drying corn in the kiln below; and from the mill-door, oh, what a prospect!

The bakehouse was the place for a winter's day. There the great oven was fed with sticks and furze, which made a blaze and a crackling as good as a bonfire. The great long forks thrust in fagot after fagot; the great long rakes raked about the embers in that awful fiery furnace; and all the while, Adam Woodward, with his cotton night-cap on his head, and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his shoulders, would pour his yeast into the great kneading-trough, and knead his dough, and roll it out, and cut it up, and weigh it out, and mould it into loaves, and then into the oven with it on the great oven-shovel. While all the village-dames came flocking in with their huge brown loaves to be baked too.

Was there ever a village-lad that has not found, too, the attractions of the wheelwright's shed? Our wheelwright's shop was just on my way to the school, and was a sore temptation to me many a time and oft, as I went, to linger an hour, when I was in fact an hour too late, and in danger of being greeted with that wise rhyme—

'A miller, a mollar, A ten-o'clock scholar.'

But really it is not every one who knows the charms of watching the creation of a cart-wheel? First, you see the wheelwright, choosing out, with a very knowing look, and with the most serious counsel of his men, a block of wood from that heap of blocks that you have seen long enough piled up by the wall in his shed. That is

to be the nave or centre of a cart-wheel. There! the The man is busy upon it—shaving selection is made. it with his spokeshave; boring it for the axle; cutting holes all round, or, as he calls it, making mortises for the spokes. Next, he is as busy shaving and sloping the spokes, squaring the ends to fit the mortises; and then the very next time you pass, the spokes are sticking into the nave like the rays of a great star-fish. See! the man is now busy cutting a number of bent pieces of wood-these he calls the fellies; and when they are put together, and stuck upon the spokes, you see that they make the circle of the wheel; and it wants nothing to complete the wheel but the tire or iron-rim, that runs all round. Well, it is ten to one but you meet the blacksmith tumbling this rim like a great hoop up the street as you come home. I have done so many a time, and then I was all on the alert to be present at its putting on, for that seemed to me a very busy and important thing. Fire and water and many a hearty stroke must be brought into immediate action for the completion of that great work. A huge fire of wood is blazing in the yard; a secret pit is opened in the shop-floor, by the removal of some boards that conceal it. It is a long and narrow pit, now filled with water, and a stump set up on each side of it. When the tire is exactly fitted to the wheel, it is thrown into the fire, and shavings and chips piled on to make it as hot as possible. Presently, the tire is red-hot. Then, with great tongs, it is dragged forth and applied to the wheel, which is laid flat on the ground to receive it. The men, with their hammers, stand ready to beat it down to its place; and amidst smoke and flame and clanging blows, the work is done. Up the wheel is snatched, and hurried to the pit in the floor; an axle is thrust through it, and laid

upon the stumps; and the wheel is spun round, fizzing, hissing, smoking, and steaming in water, and sending out a pungent smell, that, with the reek and steam, fills and darkens the place. That busy and exciting achievement accomplished, it was only natural to wish to see the body of the cart set upon its wheels; and all the painting in blue and scarlet, with which farmers love to have their vehicles adorned, done in its bravery.

Such were some of the principal trades in the hamlet that used to absorb many a pleasant hour. There were others, indeed, such as stocking-weaving; but the above were the main attractions. I must not, however, close this chapter without mention of a certain old Jack-of-all-trades, who was always to be had for the asking, and was a neverfailing resource when I wanted something to do, and somebody to help and amuse me. Many a lad will recollect some most useful and agreeable old fellow as William Worley. and happy is the village that has such an accomplished and accommodating person in it. Where the old man came from, I can't tell; for he was not a native of the place, though he had been in it more years than I had lived. He was a little man, with remarkably white hair and pink complexion; dressed in a blue coat and waistcoat; a hat of a broadish rim that regularly took a turn up behind. He invariably wore white lambs-wool stockings and buckled shoes, and walked with a cane. It was evident that the old man was not a worker-Sundays and week-days, he was always dressed the same. He lived in a small cottage in a retired garden; and his wife was employed in nursing, so that he generally had the place all to himself, and was as glad of a companion as I was. He was a florist; his garden displayed showy beds of the most splendid auriculas, tulips, and polyanthuses; and it was a great delight to me to help him to weed his beds of a pleasant sunny morning, to arrange his glasses, and to listen to him while he praised his favourite flowers. I verily believed that no such flowers were to be found elsewhere in the kingdom. But the place into which I should have desired to penetrate more than all, was his bedroom. This seemed to be a perfect treasury of all sorts of good and curious things. Nuts and apples, walnuts, stuffed birds, walking-sticks, fishing-rods, flower-seeds of curious sorts, and various other desirable things from time to time came forth from thence in a manner which only made me desire to see how many others were left behind. But into that sanctum honest William never took anvbody. If my father wanted a walking-stick, he had only to give the slightest hint to William, and presently he would be seen coming in with one, varnished as bright as the flower of the meadow-crowfoot. Indeed, his chief delights were to wander through the wood with his eves on the watch for good sticks, or for curious birds, or to saunter along the meadows by the stream—angling and gossiping in a quiet way to some village listener like myself about a hundred country things. People called him an idle man, because he never was at work on anything that brought him in a penny. But he had no family to provide for, and his wife got enough, and they might have something besides for aught I know, and why should he work for what he did not want? In my eyes he seemed, and seems still one of the wisest sort of men. He passed his time in innocent and agreeable occupations. His flowers, and his bees, and his birds-for he had always two or three that used to hang by the side of his cottage on fine days, and sing with all their mightwere his constant delight. He knew where a fish was to

be caught, or rare bird to be seen; and if you wanted a fishing-rod or a stick, he was happier to give it than you were to receive it. There were a hundred little things that he was ever and anon manufacturing, and giving to just the people that they would most please. A screw nut-cracker, was it not the very thing to delight a lad like me? A bone apple-scoop, why it was a treasure to some old person. A mouse-trap, or a mole-trap, or a flycage—he was the man that came quietly walking in with it just as you were lamenting the want of it. he was the man to set them, and come regularly to look after them, till they had done what they were wished to do; and if you wanted a person to carry a message, or go on some important little matter to the next village, you thought directly of William Worley, and he was sure to be in the way, and ready to take his stick and be off about it as seriously and earnestly as if he were to have ample reward for it. And an ample reward he had-the belief that he was of service to his neighbours. Honest old William, he was one of a simple and true-hearted generation, and of that generation himself the simplest and truest. Peace to his memory!

## THE THRESHER.

L

Oh! his limbs are strong as boughs of oak,
And his thews like links of mail.

How his quick breath streams while round him gleams
With a whirl his mighty flail!

2

For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good-will,
From morn till set of sun;
And his arm and flail will never fail
Till his daily task be done.

3.

With the first glad birds that hail the morn, He is up at work amain, Till the old barn-floor is cover'd o'er With the sweet and pearly grain.

4

Oh! his heart is light as hearts will be,
With a purpose good and strong,
And his strokes keep time to catch the chime
Of his blithely carolled song.

5

For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good-will,
From morn till set of sun;
And his arm and flail will never fail
Till his daily task be done.

ß.

While the boys that 'mid the corn-stacks hide, Echo back his gleesome lay, As they toss the chaff, and shout and laugh In the golden noon of day.

7.

But a lesson they may read and learn,
And the Thresher makes it plain,
For the chaff he finds he gives the winds,
But he garners up the grain.

8.

Then it's work, work, work, with a right good-will,
And store the sheaves of truth;
From the precious seed strike husk and weed,
In the harvest-time of youth.

G. Benner.

## A STRANGE FRIEND.

[The scene of this tale is laid in South Africa.]

I once passed two days and nights under circumstances which, I think, were as trying to my nerves and patience, as any that I have ever experienced. I will give you, as nearly as I can, a detail of the events that happened, and of the effects produced upon me.

It happened, then, that I was walking out one day, and was about six miles from home. I had my gun with me, and was on the look-out for rietbok.\* On the slope of a hill up which I was walking, there were some large rocks and long grass, and I was surprised to see a plentiful stream of water running out from between the rocks. I took a good drink, and then ascended the slope, the long grass reaching up to my middle. After I had gone about fifty yards, I started a fine rietbok, fired, and struck him on the shoulder, so that he staggered forward on three legs.

I rushed on, so as not to lose sight of him, and suddenly found the ground give way under me. I dropped my gun, and grasped at the grass; but although I was

\*A kind of deer.

below the surface, and merely rested for an instant against a bush, this gave way beneath me, and I fell a depth of several yards on to some soft sand and water. When I first found the ground give way under me, I fancied I must have fallen into a wolf-hole, and was merely annoyed at losing sight of my wounded buck. When, however, I found myself falling again, I began to think it was all over with me, and that I must be tumbling into a well or down a precipice.

When I came to the bottom, I was much bruised and scratched, and felt so shaken that I scarcely knew whether some of my bones were broken or not. But I soon came to myself, and got up with the intention of clambering out of the hole. When, however, I attempted to stand up, I found that my left ankle was either broken, or so badly sprained, that it was impossible for me to bear my weight on that leg. I therefore concluded that it would be useless to attempt to follow the buck, and that I had better rest a little while.

I sat down and looked about and above me at the place into which I had tumbled, and then I saw that it was much deeper than I had supposed. I must have fallen more than thirty feet. Seeing this, I considered that it was fortunate I had not been killed by the fall, or at least had not broken an arm or a leg. The top of the hole was not more than five or six feet across, but the bottom was nearly fifteen feet in width. It was rather dark, still I could distinguish objects plainly.

As I sat rubbing my ankle, and looking round me, I gradually became aware that the place I was in would be a very awkward one to escape from. The more I looked at the wet, smooth sand, the more did the difficulty of escape force itself upon me. At last I felt certain that

there was scarcely any possibility of getting out, for the sides on the lower part of the hole were smooth, hard, and slippery, and the top so overhung, that nothing but a fly could have walked up the side.

A feeling of utter despair came over me. There was not the slightest probability that any one would come out in search of me, or that there would be any inquiry made. There was a remote chance of a sportsman passing near, and he might hear me if I made a noise. My gun I thought of, but it had not fallen into the pit with me.

I therefore determined to try what shouting could do, and even sung songs in hopes of making myself heard; but even the sound of my voice seemed unable to escape.

When I had shouted and sung myself hoarse, I hobbled all round the hole, and looked for places where there seemed a probability of getting a rest for my feet and a hold for my hands, but there was not a crack or ledge upon which I could stand, even had I had the full use of my legs. I had a knife with me, and I fancied by its aid I might make some stepping-holes in the rocks, but a few minutes' trial shewed me that the stone was so hard, that it would take me days to make even half the holes requisite to enable me to reach the top of the pit.

It is a horrible thing to feel yourself a prisoner; it is bad enough when you are kept prisoner at the will of other people, and know you will be released at a certain time; but it is far worse to be, as I was, a prisoner in an underground-pit, miles away from any human help, and left to die of starvation.

The more I reflected, the more utterly hopeless I became. I kept saying to myself: 'Somebody is sure to come, I can't be left here to starve;' but as often as I did

so, I answered myself, and said: 'Not a chance, not a chance!'

Darkness began to steal on, whilst I still pondered on some means of escape. My ankle did not pain me much, unless I moved it; so, by propping myself up against the side of the pit, I managed to lie with tolerable comfort.

I believe I must have slept for some hours, but I suddenly awoke with a feeling of terror upon me. I stretched out my hand, as it felt very cold, and placed it upon a cold clammy body, which immediately moved from under it. I snatched it away with a feeling of horror, for I knew not whether I might have touched a poisonous snake, or some reptile whose bite was fatal. It seemed impossible to sleep again, and I neither dared to move hand or foot, lest I might again come in contact with the clammy creature that I had already touched.

As I lay listening for some sound, I became aware that some creature was moving near the top of the pit. I strained my eyes, but could see nothing but the dark sky and a host of brilliant stars. Still, every now and then, I heard a slight sort of sniffing sound, as though an animal were smelling for something. Can it be a lion, I wondered, which has smelt me in this den? I felt an extra cold shudder as I thought of the possibility of a lion either scrambling down to attack me, or by accident tumbling into the pit, as I had done.

I had heard much of the effects of the human voice upon wild animals, and endeavoured to shout loudly. No sooner had I made the attempt, than a most fiend-like yell was uttered by the creature above me. The yell was repeated several times, and then I knew that the animal was a strand-wolf, which probably believed that I must be badly wounded, and unable to escape; for these cowardly brutes will rarely if ever attack a man, although I have heard of their carrying off children.

The visitor who saluted me with his cries was soon joined by a companion, and the two continued their chorus for upwards of an hour. At last, however, they left me, but I did not long remain in quietness, for a troop of screaming jackals came sniffing to the mouth of the pit, but these were almost company after the grisly beasts that had preceded them.

Although I did not see that I could derive much benefit from the light of day, still I looked anxiously for its return. My limbs were stiff and crampy, and I found my whole body sore from the bruises that I had received in my fall. I began to suffer from hunger, but I drew my belt tightly round my waist, determined to keep off this evil as long as possible. At length the stars began to grow dim; I felt my spirits rise as daylight returned, and looked about me to discover, if possible, what reptile I had touched in the night.

A fat bloated toad was crouching under a stone a few feet from me. I knew it to be harmless, and felt I might have had a worse companion than a toad.

During the few minutes that intervened between the first gleams of light and the bright light of day, I speculated upon the manner in which the pit I had fallen into had been formed. I now remembered the stream of water at which I drank as I came up the slope, and had no doubt that this was one outlet for the water that flowed through the pit. The instant I remembered it, I fancied I had discovered a means of escape. The water must flow along some kind of channel, and it was possible this

channel might be large enough to allow of my crawling along it. If not, it might be made larger by the aid of my knife.

This was the idea that flashed across my mind, but when I thought over the details, my spirits again fell. The distance between the spring and the pit must be, I knew, fully a hundred yards, and to make my way underground as far as that, might have been possible had I been a mole, but being only a man, and provided merely with a knife, this means of escape seemed impracticable.

Again I was almost overcome by a feeling of despair, and I shouted and yelled till I was too hoarse to continue.

After a while, it occurred to me that the water flowed into the pit as well as out of it, and that although the distance to any outlet was very considerable on the downside, it might not be on the up. There was a chance for me, and I determined to go to work very systematically. I commenced by cutting two or three long and pointed sticks from the small tree that had fallen into the pit with me; with the aid of these I managed to loosen the soil near the place where the water came in, and found it consisted merely of sand and pebbles. I worked away very steadily for an hour, and had cleared a large open space. Seeing the heap of gravel and sand I had made, an idea occurred that I might collect a sufficient quantity of this to make a ledge, on which to stand, and thus to work my way up to the top of the pit. This seemed the most practicable plan that I had yet thought of, for I could easily obtain earth enough, and must at last raise such a heap that I could at least reach the softer soil near the top, when, by digging with my sharp sticks, I might make my way out.

I had succeeded in raising a heap of about four feet in height, when darkness again came upon me; I worked on as long as I could see to dig, but at last I began to find that I was trying to make my way through the solid rock, and therefore determined to try and obtain some sleep. As soon as I began to cool, I felt all the gnawing pains of an empty stomach, for I had been upwards of thirty hours without food. I was very thankful that I possessed water in abundance, for I knew, from experience, that thirst was more painful to endure than hunger. I was so tired that I had not much difficulty in going to sleep, but I was again disturbed by the hyenas coming and shricking at the mouth of the pit. There seemed to be a greater number of them, as though my first visitors had brought all their friends to see the rare sight of a white man in a pit. Every now and then, I could see a portion of a dark form appear against the sky, whilst some of them were smelling or scratching near the mouth of the pit. length the whole of the yelling crew tore up the ground, as though determined to get at me. One, more eager than his companions, tore up the turf round the hole, which fell in large clods almost upon me. To avoid this shower, I moved to a more sheltered part of the pit. the midst of their excitement, one of them ventured so near the edge of the pit that the ground gave way under him, and he fell headlong almost on the spot where I had been resting a few minutes before !

I fully expected, when the creature found itself shut up in an enclosed place like that in which we were prisoners, that, cowardly as it was, it would still, in self-defence, commence an attack upon me. I therefore drew back as far as I could, and dropping on my knees, grasped my hunting-knife with one hand and my coat with the other,

for I intended, if possible, to thrust the coat into his mouth with one hand, and cut his throat with the knife in the other.

It was too dark to allow me to see the animal, but I could hear it breathing loudly, and sniffing round the sides of the pit, but it would not come near the corner where I crouched.

The hyena, after remaining quiet for several minutes, suddenly began scratching in the corner where I had been digging. The brute worked on without tiring, and I began to believe that its instinct told it that in that direction there was a means of escape. It was evident, from the noise, that it did more work in half-an-hour than I had done in a whole day. I really felt as though the hyena were my friend, and resolved, unless in self-defence, or to save myself from starving, I would not harm the animal.

After a more fierce onslaught than usual, the hyena suddenly stopped scratching, and there was a noise as of struggling, after which all was quiet. I listened. but except a slight noise, as of an animal moving rapidly through the long grass at the pit's mouth, I could hear nothing. I fancied he must be tired, or resting himself, but after half-an-hour's quiet, I began really to hope and believe the creature had effected its escape. I feared to move before daylight appeared, and, oh! how slowly it came. At last a faint gleam was visible. and I strained my sight to catch a glimpse of my companion; but he was gone, and in the place where I had worked, a large gaping hole appeared. I scrambled over to it, and on looking in, saw daylight at the further end. Half-an-hour's work with my knife widened it enough to allow me to push myself through, and I

then found myself in another pit, the sides of which, however, were sloping, and easily ascended.

I waited for ten minutes to recover myself, and to thank God for my escape. I then sought for my gun, which I found, and with difficulty hobbled home, where I made a good meal, but took care not to eat too much, after which I turned into bed, and slept as I never remember having slept before.

## THE SPANISH ARMADA.

1.

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise, I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,

When the great fleet invincible against her bore in vain The richest stores of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

2

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile; At sunset she escaped their van, by God's especial grace; And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

3.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgeumbe's lofty hall;

Many a light fishing back put out to pry along the coust; And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

4

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;

Behind him manch the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;

His yeomen, round the market-cross, made clear an ample space,

For there behaves him to set up the standard of her Grace.

5

And haughtily the trumpet peals, and gaily dance the bells.

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells. Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!

£

So stalked he when he turned to flight on that famed Picard field.

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cassar's eagle shield:

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to hay,

And crushed and torn beneath his paws the princely hunters lay.

7.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners fire a loud salute: ho! gallants draw your blades:

- Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes waft her wide;
- Our glorious SEMPER EADEM—the banner of our pride.

8

- The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massive fold.
- The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
- Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea— Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.

9.

- From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
- That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
  For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance
  spread;
- High on St Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.

10.

- Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire.
- Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
- The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
- The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.

11.

- O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
- He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;

#### 12

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night, And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of bloodred light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

#### 13.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires; At once the loud alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:

#### 14.

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,

And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street:

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:

#### 15.

And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,

And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.

- Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
- High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the North;

### 16.

- And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
- All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
- Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
- Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—

#### 17.

- Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height—
- Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
- Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
- And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;

## 18.

- Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
- And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
- Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
- And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

## THE UGLY DUCKLING.

How beautiful looked everything out in the fields! It was summer, and the corn was yellow, the oats were green, the hay-ricks were standing in the verdant meadows, and the stork was walking about on his long, red legs, chattering away in Egyptian—the language he had learned from his lady-mother. The cornfields and meadows were surrounded by large forests, in the middle of which lay deep lakes. Oh, it was lovely indeed to walk abroad in the country just then!

In a sunny spot stood an old country-house, encircled by canals. Between the wall and the water's-edge there grew huge burdock leaves, that had shot up to such a height that a little child might have stood upright under the tallest of them; and this spot was as wild as though it had been situated in the depths of a wood. In this snug retirement a duck was sitting on her nest to hatch her young; but she began to think it a wearisome task, as the little ones seemed very backward in making their appearance; besides, she had few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming about in the canals, instead of being at the trouble of climbing up the slope, and then sitting under a burdock leaf to gossip with her.

At length one egg cracked, and then another. 'Peep! peep!' cried they, as each yolk became a live thing, and popped out its head.

'Quack! quack!' said the mother, and they tried to cackle like her, while they looked all about them under the green leaves; and she allowed them to look to their hearts' content, because green is good for the eyes.

'How large the world is, to be sure!' said the young ones. And truly enough, they had rather more room than when they were still in the egg-shell.

'Do you fancy this is the whole world?' cried the mother. "Why, it reaches far away beyond the other side of the garden, down to the parson's field; though I never went to such a distance as that! But are you all there?' continued she, rising. 'No, faith! you are not; for there still lies the largest egg. I wonder how long this business is to last—I really begin to grow quite tired of it!' And she sat down once more.

'Well, how are you getting on?' inquired an old duck, who came to pay her a visit.

'This egg takes a deal of hatching,' answered the sitting duck, 'it won't break; but just look at the others, are they not the prettiest ducklings ever seen? They are the image of their father, who, by the by, does not trouble himself to come and see me.'

'Let me look at the egg that won't break,' quoth the old duck. 'Take my word for it, it must be a guinea-fowl's egg. I was once deceived in the same way, and I bestowed a deal of care and anxiety on the youngsters, for they are afraid of water. I could not make them take to it. I stormed and raved, but it was of no use. Let's see the egg. Sure enough, it is a guinea-fowl's egg. Leave it alone, and set about teaching your own children to swim.'

'I'll just sit upon it a bit longer,' said the duck; 'for since I have sat so long, a few days more won't make much odds.'

'Please yourself,' said the old duck, as she waddled away.

At length the large egg cracked. 'Peep! peep!'

squeaked the youngster, as he crept out. How big and ugly he was to be sure! The duck looked at him, saying: 'Really this is a most enormous duckling! None of the others are like him. I wonder whether he is a guinea-chick after all! Well, we shall soon see when we get down to the water; for in he shall go, though I push him in myself.'

On the following morning the weather was most delightful, and the sun was shining brightly on the green burdock leaves. The mother-duck took her young brood down to the canal. Splash into the water she went. 'Quack! quack!' cried she, and forthwith one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads for a moment; but they soon rose to the surface again, and swam about so nicely, just as if their legs paddled them about of their own accord; and they had all taken to the water; even the ugly, gray-coated youngster swam about with the rest.

'Nay, he is no guinea-chick,' said she; 'only look how capitally he uses his legs, and how steady he keeps himself—he's every inch my own child! And really he's very pretty when one comes to look at him attentively. Quack! quack!' added she; 'now come along, and I'll take you into high society, and introduce you to the duck-yard; but mind you keep close to me, that nobody may tread upon you; and, above all, beware of the cat.'

They now reached the farm-yard, where there was a great hubbub. Two families were fighting for an eel's head, which, in the end, was carried off by the cat.

'See, children, that's the way with the world!' remarked the mother of the ducklings, smacking her beak, for she would have been very glad to have had the eel's head for herself. 'Now, move on!' said she, 'and

mind you cackle properly, and bow your head before that old duck yonder. Now, cackle—and don't turn in your toes; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, like papa and mamma, in this sort of way! Now, bend your neck, and say: "Quack!"

The ducklings did as they were bid; but the other ducks, after looking at them, only cried: 'Now, look! here comes another set, as if we were not numerous enough already. And bless me! what a queer-looking chap one of the ducklings is to be sure—we can't put up with him!' And one of the throng darted forward, and bit him in the neck.

- 'Leave him alone,' said the mother; 'he has done no harm to any one.'
- 'No; but he is too big and uncouth,' said the biting duck; 'and therefore he requires a thrashing.'
- 'Mamma has a sweet little family,' said the old duck, with the rag about her leg: 'they are all pretty except one, who is rather ill-favoured. I wish mamma could polish him a bit.'
- 'I'm afraid that will be impossible, your Grace,' said the mother of the ducklings. 'It's true he is not pretty, but he has a very good disposition, and swims as well, or perhaps better, than all the others put together. However, he may grow prettier, and perhaps become smaller; he remained too long in the egg-shell, and therefore his figure is not properly formed.' And with this she smoothed down the ruffled feathers of his neck, adding: 'At all events, as he is a male duck, it won't matter so much. I think he'll prove strong, and be able to fight his way through the world.'

'The other ducklings are elegant little creatures,' said the old duck. 'Now, make yourself at home; and if you should happen to find an eel's head, you can bring it to me.'

And so the family made themselves comfortable.

But the poor duckling who had been the last to creepout of his egg-shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made game of, not only by the ducks, but by the hens.

Nor did matters mend the next day, or the following ones, but rather grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was hunted down by everybody. Even his sisters were so unkind to him, that they were continually saying: 'I wish the cat would run away with you, you ugly creature!' While his mother added: 'I wish you had never been born!' And the ducks pecked at him, the hens struck him, and the girl who fied the poultry used to kick him.

So he ran away, and flew over the palings. The little birds in the bushes were startled, and took wing. 'That is because I am so ugly,' thought the duckling, as he closed his eyes, though he ran on further, till he came to a large marsh inhabited by wild ducks. Here he spent the whole night—and tired and sorrowful enough he was.

On the following morning, when the wild ducks saw their new comrade, they said: 'What sort of a creature are you?' Upon which the duckling greeted them all round as civilly as he knew how.

'You are remarkably ugly,' observed the wild ducks; 'but we don't care about that, so long as you do not want to marry into our family.' Poor forlorn creature! He had truly no such thoughts in his head. All he wanted was to obtain leave to lie among the rushes, and drink a little of the marsh water.

He remained there for two whole days, at the end of which time there came two wild geese, or, more properly speaking, goalings, who were only just out of the egg-shell, and consequently very pert.

'I say, friend,' quoth they, 'you are so ugly, that we should have no objection to take you with us for a travelling-companion. In the neighbouring marsh there dwell some sweetly pretty female geese, all of them unmarried, and who cackle most charmingly. Perhaps you may have a chance to pick up a wife amongst them, ugly as you are.'

Bang! sounded through the air, and the two wild goslings fell dead amongst the rushes, while the water turned as red as blood. Bang! again echoed around, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the rushes. Again and again the same alarming noise was heard. It was a shooting-party, and the sportsmen surrounded the whole marsh, while others had climbed into the branches of the trees that overshadowed the rushes. A blue mist rose in clouds and mingled with the green leaves, and sailed far away across the water; a pack of dogs next flounced into the marsh. Splash, splash they went, while the reeds and rushes bent beneath them on all sides: a fright they occasioned the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, when, lo! a. tremendous-looking dog, with his tongue lolling out, and his eyes glaring fearfully, stood right before him, opening his jaws and shewing his sharp teeth, as though he would gobble up the poor little duckling at a mouthful !-- but splash ! splash ! on he went without touching him

'Thank goodness!' sighed the duckling, 'I am so ugly that even a dog won't bite me.'

And he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and bang after bang echoed through the air.

It was not till late in the day that all became quiet; but the poor youngster did not yet venture to rise, but waited several hours before he looked about him, and then hastened out of the marsh as fast as he could go. He ran across fields and meadows, till there arose such a storm that he could scarcely get on at all.

Towards evening he reached a wretched little cottage, that was in such a tumble-down condition, that if it remained standing at all, it could only be from not yet having made up its mind on which side it should fall.

The inmates of the cottage were a woman, a tom-cat, and a hen. The tom-cat, whom she called her darling, could raise his back and purr; and he could even throw out sparks, provided he were stroked against the grain. The hen had small, short legs, for which reason she was called Henny Shortlegs; she laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child.

Next morning, they perceived the little stranger, when the tom-cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

'What's that?' said the woman looking round. Not seeing very distinctly, she mistook the duckling for a fat duck that had lost its way. 'Why, this is quite a prize!' added she; 'I can now get duck's eggs, unless indeed it be a drake! We must wait a bit and see.'

So the duckling was kept on trial for three weeks; but no eggs were forthcoming. The tom-cat and the hen were the master and mistress of the house, and always said: 'We and the world'—for they fancied themselves to be the half, and by far the best half too, of the whole universe. The duckling thought there might be two

opinions on this point; but the hen would not admit of any such doubts.

- 'Can you lay eggs?' asked she.
- 'No.'
- 'Then have the goodness to hold your tongue.'

And the tom-cat inquired: 'Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?'

'No.'

'Then you have no business to have any opinion at all, when rational people are talking.'

The duckling sat in a corner very much out of spirits, when in came the fresh air and the sunshine, which gave him such a strange longing to swim on the water, that he could not help saying so to the hen.

- 'What's this whim?' said she: 'that comes of being idle. If you could either lay eggs or purr, you would not indulge in such fancies.'
- 'But it is so delightful to swim about on the water!' observed the duckling, 'and to feel it close over your head when you dive down to the bottom.'
- 'A great pleasure, indeed,' quoth the hen. 'You must be crazy, surely! Only ask the cat—for he is the wisest creature I know—how he would like to swim on the water, or to dive under it. To say nothing of myself, just ask our old mistress, who is wiser than anybody in the world, whether she'd relish swimming and feeling the waters close above her head.'
  - 'You can't understand me!' said the duckling.
- 'We can't understand you? I should like to know who could. You don't suppose you are wiser than the tom-cat and our mistress—to say nothing of myself? Now, look to it, and mind that you either lay eggs, or learn to purr and emit sparks.'

- 'I think I'll take my chance, and go abroad into the wide world,' said the duckling.
  - 'Do,' said the hen.

And the duckling went forth, and swam on the water, and dived beneath its surface; but he was slighted by all other animals on account of his ugliness.

Autumn had now set in. The leaves of the forests had turned first yellow, and then brown; and the wind caught them up, and made them dance about. It began to be very cold in the higher regions of the air, and the clouds looked heavy with hail and flakes of snow; while the raven sat on a tree, crying: 'Caw! caw!' from sheer cold; and you began to shiver, if you merely thought about it. The poor duckling had a bad time of it! One evening, just as the sun was setting in all its glory, there came a whole flock of beautiful birds from a large grove. The duckling had never seen any so lovely before. They were dazzlingly white, with long, graceful necks; they were swans. They uttered a peculiar cry, and then spread their magnificent wings, and away they flew from the cold country, to warmer lands across the open sea. They rose so high—so high, that the ugly duckling felt a strange sensation come over him. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck up into the air towards them, and uttered so loud and strange a cry, that he was frightened at it himself. Oh! never could he again forget those beautiful, happy birds; and when they were quite out of sight, he dived down to the bottom of the water, and when he once more rose to the surface, he was half beside himself. He knew not how these birds were called, nor whither they were bound; but he felt an affection for them, such as he had never yet experienced for any living creature. Nor did he even presume to envy them; for how could it ever have entered his head to wish himself endowed with their loveliness? He would have been glad enough if the ducks had merely suffered him to remain among them—poor ugly animal that he was!

But it would be too painful to tell of all the privations and misery that the duckling endured during the hard winter. He was lying in a marsh, amongst the reeds, when the sun again began to shine. The larks were singing, and the spring had set in, in all its beauty.

The duckling now felt able to flap his wings; they rustled much louder than before, and bore him away most sturdily; and before he was well aware of it, he found himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elder was steeping its long, drooping branches in the waters of a winding canal. Oh, how beautiful everything looked in the first freshness of spring! Three magnificent white swans now emerged from the thicket before him; they flapped their wings, and then swam lightly on the surface of the water. The duckling recognised the beautiful creatures, and was impressed with feelings of melancholy peculiar to himself.

'I will fly towards those royal birds—and they will strike me dead for daring to approach them, so ugly as I am! But it matters not. Better to be killed by them, than to be pecked at by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the girl that feeds the poultry, and to suffer want in the winter.' And he flew into the water, and swam towards these splendid swans, who rushed to meet him with rustling wings, the moment they saw him. 'Do but kill me!' said the poor animal, as he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited his doom. But what did he see in the clear stream? Why,

his own image, which was no longer that of a heavy-looking dark-gray bird, ugly and ill-favoured, but of a beautiful swan! It matters not being born in a duck-yard, when one is hatched from a swan's egg!

He now rejoiced over all the misery and the straits he had endured, as it made him feel the full depth of the happiness that awaited him. And the large swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden, and threw bread-crumbs and corn into the water; and the youngest cried: 'There is a new one!' The other children were delighted too, and repeated: 'Yes, there is a new one just come!' And they clapped their hands, and capered about, and then flew to their father and mother, and more bread and cake were flung into the water; and all said: 'The new one is the prettiest. So young, and so lovely!' And the elder swans bowed before him.

He then felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings. He did not himself know what to do. He was more than happy, yet none the prouder; for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been pursued, and made game of; and now he heard everybody say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. Even the elder-bush bent its boughs down to him in the water, and the sun appeared so warm, and so mild! He then flapped his wings, and raised his slender neck, as he cried, in the fulness of his heart: 'I never dreamed of such happiness while I was an ugly duckling!'



# THE ANCIENT MARINER.

1.

It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three;

'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide, And I am next of kin: The guests are met, the feast is set: Mayst hear the merry din.'

3.

He holds him with his glittering eye— The wedding-guest stood still, And listens like a three-years' child: The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:

He cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,

The bright-eyed Mariner.

ĸ

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared, Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the light-house top.

6.

'The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

7.

'Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon'—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

8.

The bride hath paced into the hall—Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

9.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast, Yet he cannot choose but hear! And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

'And now the storm-blast came, and he Was tyrannous and strong; He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.

11.

'With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fied.

12

'And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wondrous cold; And ice mast-high came floating by, As green as emerald.

13.

'And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

14.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

IK.

At length did cross an albatross,
 Thorough the fog it came;
 As if it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.

'It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

17.

'And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,

And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariners' hollo!

18.

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.'

19.

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?' 'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

20.

'And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe; For all averred I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow!

"Ah wretch!" said they, "the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!"

21.

'Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious sun uprist:

Then all averred I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist.

"'Twas right," said they, "such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist."

22

'Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

23.

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

24.

'Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

25.

'About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burned green, and blue, and white.

26.

'And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

97

'Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross the albatross About my neck was hung. 28

'There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

'A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

'See! see!' I cried, 'she tacks no more Hither to work us weal, Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun:
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

'And straight the sun was flecked with bars—
Heaven's mother send us grace!—
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

'Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud, How fast she nears and nears! Are those her sails that glance in the sun, Like restless gossameres?

35.

'Are those her ribs through which the sun Did peer, as through a grate? And is that woman all her crew? Is that a Death? and are there two? Is Death that woman's mate?

36.

'The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

37.

'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out, At one stride comes the dark; With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea Off shot the spectre-bark.

38.

'The stars were dim and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

39.

'Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

'The souls did from their bodies fly— They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul it passed me by Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

41.

'The many men so beautiful!

And they all dead did lie:

And a thousand thousand slimy things

Lived on; and so did I.

42.

'I looked upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.

43.

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray; But or ever a prayer had gushed, A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust.

44.

'The moving moon went up the sky, And nowhere did abide: Softly she was going up, And a star or two beside.

45

'Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

47

O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

48.

'The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

49.

'And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come a-near;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

50.

'The loud wind never reached the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the moon The dead men gave a groan.

51

'They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen these dead men rise.

'The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.'

53.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!'

'Be calm, thou wedding-guest!

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest.

54.

'Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze— On me alone it blew.

55

'Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house top I see! Is this the hill! is this the kirk! Is this mine own countree!

KK

'Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns: And till my ghastly tale is told, This heart within me burns.

57.

'I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

'What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And, hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

59.

'O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

60.

'To walk together to the kirk,
And altogether pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

61.

'Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding-Guest: He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.

62

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. 'Oh, sir,' said the good woman, 'he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church, for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her goodman's, and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.'

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small-craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left alone in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still, there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted

to remain in it, where she lived solitary, and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottagedoor which faced the garden suddenly opened. stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. 'Oh, my dear, dear mother, don't you know your son, your poor boy, George?' It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended. Still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him, and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet, on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk; he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother 'that looked on his childhood,' that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience: she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe; lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom,

and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted, and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so, a faded black hand-kerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat

at church, and before I left the neighbourhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

## AN EPISODE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

[Armistice—March, 1855.]

On Saturday, during the armistice, I came out upon the advanced French trench, within a few hundred yards of the Mamelon. The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation, and a constant interchange of little civilities, such as offering and receiving cigar-lights, was going on in each little group. Some of the Russian officers were evidently men of high rank and breeding. Their polished manners contrasted remarkably with their plain, and rather coarse clothing. They wore, with few exceptions, the invariable long gray coat over their uniforms. The French officers were all in full uniform, and offered a striking contrast to many of our own officers, who were dressed Balaklava fashion, and wore uncouth head-dresses, catskin coats, and nondescript paletots.

Many of the Russians looked remarkably like English gentlemen in 'style' of face and bearing. One tall, finelooking old man, with a long gray beard and strangelyshaped cap, was pointed out to us as Hetman of the Cossacks in the Crimea, but it did not appear as if there were many men of very high military rank present. The Russians were rather grave and reserved, but they seemed to fraternise with the French better than with ourselves, and the men certainly got on better with our allies than with the few privates of our own regiments who were down towards the front.

While all this civility was going on, we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape—shattered gabions and sandbags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home.

I counted seventy-seven litters borne past me in fifteen minutes, each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower, among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy. The Russians appeared to treat their dead with great respect. The soldiers I saw were white-faced, and seemed ill-fed, though many of them had powerful frames, square shoulders, and broad chests. All their dead who fell within and near our lines were stripped of boots and stockings. The cleanliness of their feet, and, in most cases, of their coarse linen shirts, was remarkable. Several sailors of the 'equipages' of the fleet of Sebastopol were killed in the attack. They were generally muscular, fine, stout fellows, with rough, soldierly faces.

In the midst of all this stern evidence of war, a certain amount of lively conversation began to spring up, in which the Russian officers indulged in a little badinage. Some of them asked our officers, 'When we were coming in to take the place?' others, 'When we thought of going away?' Some congratulated us upon the excellent opportunity we had of getting a good look at Sebastopol, as the chance of a nearer view, except on similar occasions, was not in their opinion very probable. One officer asked a private, confidentially, in English, how many men we sent into the trenches? 'Begorra, only seven thousand a night, and a wake covering-party of ten thousand!' was the ready Irishman's reply. The officer laughed, and turned away.

At one time a Russian with a litter stopped by a dead body, and put it into the litter. He looked round for a comrade to help him. A Zouave at once advanced with much grace and lifted it, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders; but the joke was not long-lived, as a Russian brusquely came up and helped to carry off his dead comrade. In the town we could see large bodies of soldiery in the streets, assembled at the corners and in the public places. Probably they were ordered out to make a show of their strength.

General Bosquet and several officers of rank of the allied army visited the trenches during the armistice, and staff-officers were present on both sides, to see that the men did not go out of bounds. The armistice was over about three o'clock. Scarcely had the white flag disappeared behind the parapet of the Mamelon, before a round-shot from the sailors' battery went slap through one of the embrasures of the Russian work, and dashed up a great pillar of earth inside. The Russians at once replied, and the noise of cannon soon re-echoed through the ravines.

## THE BALD KNIGHT.

A certain knight growing old, his hair fell off, and he became bald, to hide which imperfection he wore a periwig. But as he was riding out with some others a-hunting, a sudden gust of wind blew off the periwig, and exposed his bald pate. The company could not forbear laughing at the accident; and he himself laughed louder than anybody, saying: 'How was it to be expected that I should keep strange hair upon my head, when my own would not stay there?'

### THE ASS'S SHADOW.

A youth, one hot summer's day, hired an ass to carry him from Athens to Megara. At mid-day the heat of the sun was so scorching that he dismounted, and would have sat down to repose himself under the shadow of the ass. But the driver of the ass disputed the place with him, declaring that he had an equal right to it with the other.

'What!' said the youth, 'did I not hire the ass for the whole journey?'

'Yes,' said the other, 'you hired the ass, but not the ass's shadow.'

While they were thus wrangling and fighting for the place, the ass took to his heels and ran away.



### HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

It is recorded of Henry I. that after the death, by drowning, of his son Prince William, he never was seen to smile.

1.

The bark that held a prince went down,

The sweeping waves rolled on;

And what was England's glorious crown,

To him that wept a son?

He lived—for life may long be borne,

Ere sorrow break its chain:

Why comes not death to those who mourn?

He never smiled again!

9

There stood proud forms before his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one—
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

3.

He sat where festal-bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain;
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace,
Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place,
At many a joyous board.
Graves which true love had bathed with tears
Were left to Heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!

## FRIENDSHIP.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
WORDSWORTH.

## LEICHARDT.

'He who travels the untracked forest is in a continual state of excitement; now buoyed with hope as he urges on his horse towards some distant range or blue mountain, or as he follows the favourable bend of a river; now all despairing and miserable, as he approaches the foot of the range without finding water, from which he could start again with renewed strength, or as the river turns in an unfavourable direction, and slips out of his course. Evening approaches; the sun has sunk below the horizon for some time, but still he strains his eye through the gloom

for the dark verdure of a creek, or strives to follow the arrow-like flight of a pigeon, the flapping of whose wings had filled him with a sudden hope, from which he relapses again into a still greater sadness. With a sickened heart he drops his head to a broken and interrupted rest, while his horse is standing hobbled by his side, unwilling, from excess of thirst, to feed on the dry grass.

'How often have I found myself in these different states of the brightest hope and the deepest misery, riding along, thirsty, almost lifeless, and ready to drop from my saddle with fatigue. The poor horse, tired like his rider, stumbling over every stone, running heedlessly against the trees, and wounding my knees. But suddenly the note of Grallina Australis, the call of cockatoos, or the croaking of frogs, is heard, and hopes are bright again. Water is certainly at hand; the spur is applied to the flank of the tired beast, which already partakes in its rider's anticipations, and quickening his pace, a lagoon, a river, or a creek is before him!

'The horse is soon unsaddled, hobbled, and well washed; a fire is made, the teapot is put to the fire, the meat is dressed, the enjoyment of the poor reconnoiterer is perfect, and a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty God, who protects the wanderer on his journey, bursts from his grateful lips.'

## A STATE DIFFICULTY.

Amongst the presents carried out by our first embassy to China was a state-coach. It had been specially selected as a personal gift by George III.; but the exact mode of using it was an intense mystery to Pekin. The ambassador,

indeed, had given some imperfect explanations upon this point, but as his Excellency had communicated these in a diplomatic whisper at the very moment of his departure, the celestial intellect was very feebly illuminated, and it became necessary to call a cabinet council on the grand state question: 'Where was the emperor to The hammercloth happened to be unusually gorgeous; and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne; and for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch. The horses, therefore, being harnessed, solemnly his Imperial Majesty ascended his new English throne, under a flourish of trumpets, having the first lord of the treasury on his right hand, and the chief jester on his left.

Pekin gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and that was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted: 'Where am I to sit?' But the privy-council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door, and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the cupidity of ambition, that he was still dissatisfied. 'I say,' he cried out, in an extempore petition, addressed to the emperor through the window—'I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?'

'Anyhow,' was the imperial answer. 'Don't trouble me, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows—through the keyholes—anyhow!'

Finally, this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury-reins, communicating with

the horses; with these, he drove as steadily as Pekin had any right to expect.

The emperor returned after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was ordered for his majesty's happy escape from the disease of broken neck, and the stage-coach was dedicated thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo Fo, whom the learned more accurately called Fi Fi.

### THE LORDLING PEASANT.

## PART FIRST.

1.

The baron sat on his castle wall,
And beheld both dale and down;
The manors that stretched so far away,
He knew to be all his own.

2.

The warders blew their sounding horns,
And their banners waved in air;
Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
Their colours shone afar.

3.

The baron he sighed as he looked above,
And he sighed as he looked adown;
Although the rich manors that stretched so far,
He knew to be all his own.

Up then arose his ancient nurse

That had borne him on her knee—

'And why dost thou sigh, thou noble youth,

At a sight so fair to see?'

ĸ

Oh! then, upspake that noble baron,
And heavily spake he,
'But I've never a true and faithful wife
To share it all with me.

6

'And if I should marry a courtly dame (Alas! that it so should be), She'd love my castle and love my lands, But she would not care for me.'

7.

Oh! then upspake that ancient nurse—
'Now take advice of me:
If you'd have a true wife, then go and find
A maiden of low degree.

8.

'And be thou disguised in plain attire, And like a peasant rove, But let her not know thy high degree: So shalt thou prove her love.'

9.

Then called the baron his young foot-page,
Full loudly called he:
The bonnie foot-page full swiftly ran,
And knelt him on his knee,

'Bring a peasant's coat, my young foot-page, With hose and shoon also, And artfully disguise my face That no one may me know.

11.

'And when I go, and when I come, Let no one hear from thee; But keep my secret faithfully, And thou shalt have gold and fee.'

12

The sunbeams gilt the distant hills, And on the streams did play, When in a peasant's homely garb That baron took his way.

13.

The early pilgrim blithe he hailed, That o'er the hills did stray, And many an early husbandman That met him on his way.

14

The new-waked birds their matins sung In wildly-warbling lay, While through full many a lonely path The baron took his way.

15.

And blithe and merrily did he wend,
And blithe and merrily hied
Until he came to a rural cot,
Where a maiden fair did bide.

Though lowly and unknown to fame, This maid was passing fair: Like some sweet violet that in vale Sequestered, t scents the air.

Sweet was the melody of her voice The woodland wilds among; So sweet that woodweles ton the spray Sat listening to her song.

But, more than all, her youthful heart Was fraught with virtue's lore: More pure, more tender, and more true, Was maiden ne'er before.

The maiden stood at her cottage gate, Her nursling lambs to feed, And she saw the blithesome stranger youth Come tripping o'er the mead.

And lo! with many a fond excuse The youth would there remain, While many a wily tale he told, Her simple heart to gain.

21.

And soon her sighs and blushes told She did the youth approve; For where's the maid that can resist The yows of faithful love?

\* Supremely, surpassing all others.

+ Retired. § Stored.

<sup>#</sup> Thrushes.

'Lo! I've a cottage, and I've a cow, And many sheep beside; And I've a field of ripening corn; And I'll make thee my bride.'

23

The listening damsel heard his vows,

And thrice for joy she sighed:

She thought the young peasant passing rich,

And said she'd be his bride.

24.

And oft her mother heard the tale,

Nor did the dame repine:

'And if thou canst keep her, stranger youth,

The damsel shall be thine.'

25.

'Ah! then, farewell, my charming fair!'
The seeming peasant cries,
'For I must wend for many a mile
Ere I can take a bride.'

26.

'Oh! say not so, thou stranger youth;
Oh! say not so, I pray!
For if thou dost go, oh! I shall rue
That e'er you came this way.'

27.

'Yes, I must go, thou charming maid, I can no longer stay; Though ever until I here return Must I moan the livelong day.

4 But if before I come again,
This passing month shall slide,
Oh! then no more await for me,
But be another's bride.

29.

'For death may meet me on the way, And from thy arms divide; Or dire misfortune blast my joy, And rob me of my bride.'

30.

Oh! then fast flowed the maiden's tears,While tenderly she cried:'Oh! no, dear youth, though thou shouldst die,I'll be no other's bride!'

21

The maiden's face with grief was sad, Her cheek was wet with tears: So the pale lily besprent \* with rain Or dew-dropped rose appears.

#### PART SECOND.

32.

And now for many weeks and months
The baron he did stay,
Nor did he seek his much-loved maid
For many a livelong day.

33.

And, though the tender sigh it cost, And heartfelt tear did move, Full many a month he stayed away, Her constancy to prove.

\* Besprinkled.

G

At length he calls his knights and squires, And neighbours of high degree, To travel in all the pomp of state The lovely maid to see.

35

And he hath called his young foot-page,
And thus full loud did say,
'With costly gems, and with robes of state,
O deck me forth this day.'

36.

And now, with gay and gallant train,
That baron took his way:
The golden sun that so bright doth shine
Did gild his pomp that day.

37

The maiden stood at her garden pale,\*
In hopes her love to espy;
And every peasant that she saw
She heaved a heartfelt sigh.

28

'Alas! and woe is me!' she cried,
'Could I my love but see!
I fear the stranger youth is dead,
Or thinks no more of me.'

39.

Thus sighed the maid, as o'er the plain She looked for her true love; When sudden she saw the gallant train Towards her cottage move.

\* Fence.

And soon the baron hath crossed the green, And smilingly he cried:

'Sweet maid, I've heard thy beauty's fame, And thou shalt be my bride.

41.

'Rich robes of state shall deck thy frame, A coronet gild thy brow; And a castle shalt thou have for dower.

With manors high and low.

42

The maiden but sighed at all his bribes, Her faith they could not move; For little she thought this baron gay Could be her own true love.

43

Thus, though to gain the maiden's hand This gallant baron strove, Yet all his grandeur she despised, For the youth that she did love.

44.

And, though her angry mother tried Her constant heart to move, As vain were her mother's cruel threats As the baron's golden love.

## PART THIRD.

45.

Night was come on, and o'er the plain The moon's pale glimmering shone, When the hapless maiden took her way, All friendless and alone:

All helpless and alone she sped,
And sadly did she rove
O'er many a hill, and many a dale,
In search of her peasant love.

### 47.

And now the pale, full moon was gone, And stormy clouds did lower; Her sighings added to the winds, Her tears increased the shower.

#### AΩ

And, though full loud the thunders rolled, And heavily poured the rain, Yet still, in search of her dear-loved youth, She braved the stormy plain.

### 49.

Roused with the warring of the storm,

The baron up arose;

And soon, in search of his beauteous maid,

With anxious speed he goes.

#### KΛ

But, lo! the hapless maid was gone Through deserts wild to rove, Alas! all friendless and alone, In search of her true love.

#### 51.

Oh! then that baron grieved full sore, And his foot-page called he: 'Oh! bring me here my peasant garb, As quick as ye can flee.'

Oh! then rode forth this young baron,
O'er many a dreary way;
When, alas! all on the stormy plain
· He saw the maiden lay.

53

O'ercome with toil, and spent with grief, That hapless maiden fell: The baron he wiped his quivering brow, While his heart it 'gan to swell.

54.

He got him water from the brook, And sprinkled o'er the maid; But many a tear that from him fell Lent most its saving aid.

55.

Right glad he marked her struggling breath, And blush-reviving face; He tenderly welcomed her to life, With many a fond embrace.

56.

'And art thou found, my own true love?

And art thou come?' she said,
'Then blest be the night, and blest the hour,
When from our cot I fled.'

57.

Thus spake the maid, as fast they rode
Through many a lonely way;
And she thought that to his humble cot
Her love would her convey.

But soon they reached the castle wall, And came to the castle gate; When, lo! the youth, without delay, Rode boldly in thereat.

59.

Thrice turned the maiden wan and pale, And with fear her heart was moved, When she saw the lordly baron was The peasant youth she loved.

60.

But blithe he cried: 'Cheer up, my fair;
Forgive my pride, I pray;
And, lo! for thy faith thus nobly proved,
Be this thy bridal-day.

61.

'Although thou wast but a lowly maid, Thou art now my countess gay; Then, come, cheer up, my love so true, For this is our bridal-day.'

62.

The wardens blew their sounding horns,
And their banners streamed in air;
Their horns resounded o'er the dale,
The banners shone afar.

# OLD WORLD STORIES.

### THE CATTLE OF HELIOS.

Far away down the gentle stream of ocean, Odysseus had been to the dark kingdom of Hades, where the ghosts of men wander after their days on earth are There he talked with Agamemnon and the wise seer Teiresias, with Minos and Heracles; and there he had listened to the words of Achilles in the meadows of Asphodel, and told him of the brave deeds and the great name of his son Neoptolemus. There the shade of Heracles spake to him, but Heracles himself was in the house of Zeus, and lay in the arms of Hebe, quaffing the dark wine at the banquets of the gods. And the shade told him of the former days, how all his life long Heracles toiled for a hard master, who was weaker than himself, but Zeus gave him the power. Then Odysseus tarried no more in the shadowy land, for he feared lest Persephone, the queen, might place before him Gorgon's head, which no mortal man may see and live; so he went back to his ship, and his men took their oars and rowed down the stream of ocean, till they came to the wide sea; and then they spread the white sails, and hastened to the island of Ææa, where Eôs dwells, and where Helios rises to greet the early morning.

From her home which the wolves and the lions guarded, the Lady Kirkê saw the ship of Odysseus, as she sat on her golden throne, weaving the bright threads in

her loom. And straightway she rose, and bade her handmaidens bring bread and wine to the sea-shore for Odysseus and his men. Long time they feasted on the smooth beach, until they fell asleep for very weariness; but Kirkê took Odysseus to her own home, and bade him sit down by her side, while she told him of all the things which should befall him on his way to Ithaca. She told him of the Seirens, fair and false, and of their sweet song, by which they tempt the weary seamen as they sail on the white and burning sea. She told him of the wandering rocks, from which no ship ever escaped but the divine Argo, when Jason led the warriors to search for the golden fleece. She told him of the monstrous Skylla, with her twelve shapeless feet and her six necks, long and lean, from which six dreadful heads peer out over the dark water, each with a triple row of spearlike teeth, as she seizes on every living thing which the waves of the sea cast within her reach. She told him of Charybdis, the deathless monster, who, thrice each day, hurls forth the water from her boiling pool, and thrice each day sucks it back. She warned him of the Thrinakian land, where the cattle of Helios feed in their sunny There, each evening, as the sun goes down, pastures. and each morning as he rises from the eastern sea, two fair maidens came forth to tend them. These children of Helios, their mother—tender and loving as the light of early day-placed far off in the Thrinakian land, to tend their father's herds. 'Wherefore go not near that island,' said the Lady Kirkê, 'for no mortal man shall escape the wrath of Helios if any hurt befall his cattle. And if thy comrades stretch forth a hand against them, thy ship shall be sunk in the deep sea; and if ever thou mayest reach thy home, thou shalt return to it a lonely

man, mourning for all the friends whom thou hast lost.'

Even as she spake, the light of Eôs tinged the far-off sky, and Kirkê bade Odysseus farewell as he went back to the ship. So they sailed away from the house of the wise goddess, and they passed by the Seirens' land, where Odysseus heard the sweet sound of their singing as it rose clear and soft through the hot and breathless air. Thence they came to the secret caves of Skylla, and her six heads, stretched out above the boiling waters, seized each one of the men of Odysseus, and he heard their last shriek for help as they were sucked down her gaping jaws. But they went not near the whirlpool of Charybdis, for Odysseus feared the warning of Kirkê.

The sun was sinking down in the sky as the ship of Odysseus drew near towards the beautiful island of Helios. The long line of light danced merrily on the rippling sea, and the soft breeze fanned their cheeks with its gentle breathing. Then spake Odysseus, and said: 'Listen, O friends, to my words. Last night, the Lady Kirkê talked with me, and told me of all the things that should come to pass as we journeved home to Ithaca. She told me of the Seirens, of Skylla and Charybdis, and all things have come to pass as she But, most of all, she warned me not to set foot on the island of Helios, for there his cattle are tended. Each day, Helios looks down upon them as he journeys through the high heaven, and no mortal man may lay his hand on them and live. Wherefore hearken to me, and turn the ship away, so that we may not come to this land. Well I know that ye are weary and sick with toil; but better is it to reach our home wearied and hungry, than to perish in distant lands for evil deeds.' Then was Eurylochos filled with anger; so he spake out boldly, and said: 'Oh, Odysseus, hard of heart and cruel in soul, thou faintest not in thy limbs, neither is thy body tired out with toil. Surely thou must be framed of hard iron, that thou seekest to turn us away from the fair and happy land. Our hearts are faint, our bodies tremble for very weariness, and sleep lies heavy on our eyelids. Here, on the smooth beach, we may rest in peace, and cheer our souls with food and wine, and when the sun is risen we will go forth again in our long wanderings over the wide sea; but now will we not go, for who can sail safely while the night sits on her dark throne in the sky? for then dangers hang over mortal men, and the sudden whirlwind may come and sink us all beneath the tossing waters.'

So spake Eurylochos, and all the men shouted with loud voices to go to the land; but when Odvsseus saw that it was vain to hinder them, he said: 'Swear then to me, all of you, a solemn oath, that ye will touch not one of the sacred herds who feed in the pastures of Helios, but that ye will only eat of the bread and drink the wine which the Lady Kirkê gave to us.' Then they sware all of them; and the ship came to land in a beautiful bay, where a soft stream of pure water trickled down from a high rock, and deep caves gave shelter from the dew of the night. Then they made their meal on the beach, and mourned over their six comrades whom the monstrous Skylla had swallowed with her greedy jaws, until sleep came down upon their eyelids; but when the stars were going down in the sky, and before Eôs spread her soft light through the heaven. Zeus sent forth a great wind to scourge the waters of the sea, and a dark cloud came down and hid all things from their sight; so, when the sun was risen, they knew that they could not leave the island of Helios, and they dragged their ship up on the beach to a cave where the nymphs dance, and where their seats are carved in the living rock. Then Odysseus warned them once more. 'O friends, hunt not the cattle in this land, for they are flocks of the great god Helios, who sees and hears all things.'

All that day the storm raged on, and at night it ceased not from its fury. Day by day they looked in vain to see the waters go down, until the moon had gone through all her changes. Then the food and the wine which the Lady Kirkê gave to them was all spent, and they knew not how they might now live. All this time none had touched the sacred cattle, and even now they sought to catch birds and fishes, so that they might not hurt the herds of Helios. Wearied in body and faint in heart, Odysseus wandered over the island, praying to the undying gods that they would shew him some way of escaping; and when he had gone a long way from his comrades, he bathed his hands in a clear stream, and prayed to all the gods, and they sent down a sweet sleep on his evelids, and he slept there on the soft grass, forgetting his cares and sorrows.

But while Odysseus was far away, Eurylochos gathered his comrades around him, and began to tempt them with evil words. 'O friends,' he said, 'long have ye toiled and suffered; listen now to my words. There is no kind of death which is not dreadful to weak and mortal men; but of all deaths there is none so terrible as to waste away by slow, gnawing hunger. Wherefore let us seize the fairest of the cattle of Helios, and make a great sacrifice to the undying gods who dwell in the wide

heaven; and when we reach our home in Ithaca, we will build a temple to Helios Hyperiôn, and we will place in it rich and costly offerings, and the fat of rams and goats shall go up day by day to heaven upon his altar. But if he will, in his anger, destroy a ship with all its men for the sake of horned cattle, then rather would I sink by one plunge in the sea, than waste away here in pain and hunger.'

Then, with loud voices, all his comrades cried out that the words of Eurylochos were good, and they hastened to seize the fairest cattle of Helios. Soon they came back, for they fed near at hand, fearing no hurt, and dreading not the approach of men. So they made ready the sacrifice, and sprinkled soft oak leaves over the victims, for they had no white barley in their ship. Then they prayed to the gods, and smote the cattle, and, flaying off the skin, placed the limbs in order, and poured the water over the entrails, for they had no wine to sprinkle over the sacrifice while it was being roasted by fire. So, when the sacrifice was done, they sat down and feasted richly.

But Odysseus had waked up from his sleep, and as he drew near to the bay where the ship was drawn up on the shore, the savour of the fat filled his nostrils; and he smote his hand upon his breast, and groaned aloud, and said: 'O father Zeus, and ye happy gods who know not death, of a truth ye have weighed me down by a cruel sleep, and my comrades have plotted a woeful deed while I was far away!'

Woeful was the sight as Odysseus drew nigh to the ship, and to his comrades who stood round the burntoffering. With fierce and angry words they reviled each other, and they looked with a terrible fear on the victims which they had slain; for the hides crept and quivered as though still the life were in them, and the flesh moaned as with the moan of cattle, while the red flame curled up round it. For six days they feasted on the shore, and on the seventh day the wind went down, and the sea was still.

Then they dragged the ship down to the water, and sailed away from the land; but when they had gone far, so that they could see only the heaven above and the wide sea around them, then the dark cloud came down again, and Zeus bade the whirlwind strike the ship of Odysseus. High rose the angry waves, and the fierce lightnings flashed from the thick cloud. Louder and louder shrieked the storm, till the ropes of the mast and sail snapped like slender twigs, and the mast fell with a mighty crash, and smote down the helmsman, so that he sank dead beneath the weight. Then the ship lay helpless on the waters, and the waves burst over her in their fury until all the men were swept off into the sea, and Odvsseus only was left. The west wind carried the battered wreck at random over the waters, and when its fury was stilled, the south wind came and drove Odysseus, as he clung to the mast, near to the whirlpool of Charybdis and the caves of the greedy Skylla. For nine days and nights he lay tossed on the stormy water till his limbs were numbed with cold, and he felt that he must die; but on the tenth day he was cast upon the shore, and so he reached the island where dwelt the Lady Calypso.



#### THE NEW YEAR.

1.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night—
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

2

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go—
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,

For those that here we see no more;

Ring out the feud of rich and poor—

Ring in redress to all mankind.

A

Ring out false pride in place and blood,

The civic slander and the spite;

Ring in the love of truth and right—
Ring in the common love of good.

5.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old—
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

ĸ

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

# A BOY'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE SEA-CAVES.

#### A TALE OF THE CROMARTY COAST.

It was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach opposite the eastern promontory, that with its stern granitic wall, bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doocot; and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near. tide was a low neap, and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behoved us to wait for at least a week; but neither of us understood the philosophy of neap-tides at that period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water with my uncles not a great many days before. and we both inferred that if we but succeeded in getting round now, it would be quite a pleasure to wait among the caves inside, until such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return. narrow and broken shelf runs along the promontory, on which, by the assistance of the naked feet, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it, and then, crawling outwards on all-fours-the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling more and more formidable from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper below-we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then, doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin—the water, by a reverse process, becoming shallower and less green as we advanced inwards-we

found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet. Adown we both dropped, proud of our success—up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell, and for at least the whole coming week, though we were unaware of the extent of our good-luck at the time, the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short seven days, to borrow emphasis from the phraseology of Carlyle, 'they were our own and no other man's.'

The first ten hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded in discovering for ourselves by creeping, dwarf-bushes, that told of the blighting influences of the sea-spray, the pale vellow honevsuckle, that we had never seen before save in gardens and shrubberies, and on a deeply-shaded slope that leaned against one of the steeper precipices, we detected the sweet-scented woodroof of the flower-plot and parterre, with its delicate white flowers and pretty verticillate leaves, that become the more odoriferous the more they are crushed. There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the overbeetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thundershower, we found the hot, bitter scurvy-grass, with its minute cruciform flowers, which the great Captain Cook used in his voyages; above all, there were the caves with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue, and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble.

In a short time we had broken off with our hammers whole pocketfuls of stalactites and petrified moss. There were little pools at the side of the cave, where we could see the work of congealation going on, as at the commencement of an October frost, when the cold north wind but barely ruffles the surface of some mountain lochan or sluggish moorland stream, and shews the newly-formed needles of ice glistening from the shores into the water. So rapid was the course of deposition, that there were cases in which the sides of the hollows seemed growing almost in proportion as the water rose in them; the springs, lipping over, deposited their minute crystals on the edges, and the reservoirs deepened and became more capacious as their mounds were built up by this curious masonry. The long telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern. while all around was dark as midnight—the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess. as it flitted past in the sunshine—the black heaving bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin; even the pigeons, as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light—all acquired a new interest from the peculiarity of the setting in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes, framed in jet; and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful. It did seem rather ominous, however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while yet there was a full fathom of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall,

and then, after a quarter of an hour's space began actually to creep upwards on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and vet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and juniper, passed away, and the whole became sombre and gray. The sea-gull flapped upwards from where he had floated on the ripple, and hied him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downwards from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homewards, but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the peregrine-falcon and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility. there was no possibility whatever of getting farther upthe cliffs had never been scaled, and they were not destined to be scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious, we had just to give up in despair.

Wouldn't care for myself,' said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears; 'if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?' 'Wouldn't care, neither,' said I, with a heavy heart; 'but it's just back-water, and we'll get out at twelve.' We retreated together into one of the shallower and drier caves, and clearing a little spot of its rough stones. and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass, that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts. we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in one another's arms. For the last few hours mountainous piles of clouds had been rising, dark and stormy in the sea-mouth, and they had flared portentously in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric tint of anger, from fiery red to a sombre thunderous brown, and from sombre brown to doleful black, and we could now, at least, hear what they portended, though we could no longer see. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep-sea caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or sank; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

My companion had only the real evils of the case to deal with, and so, the hardness of our bed and the coldness of the night considered, he slept tolerably well, but I was unlucky enough to have evils greatly worse than the real ones to annoy me. The corpse of a seaman

had been found on the beach about a month previous, some forty yards from where we lay. The hands and feet, miserably contracted, and corrugated into deep folds at every joint, yet swollen to twice their proper size, had been bleached as white as pieces of alumed sheepskin, and where the head should have been, there existed only a sad mass of decay. I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace; and though I had never done the poor nameless seaman any harm, I could not have suffered more from him during that melancholy night had I been his murderer. Sleeping or waking, he was continually before me. Every time I dropped into a dose, he would come stalking up the beach, from the spot where he had lain, with his stiff white fingers, that stuck out like eagle's toes, and his pale, broken pulp of a head, and attempt to strike me; and then I would awaken with a start, cling to my companion, and remember that the drowned sailor had lain festering among the identical bunches of sea-weed that still rotted on the beach not a stone-cast away. The near neighbourhood of a score of living bandits, would have inspired less horror than the recollection of that one dead seaman.

Towards midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon in her last quarter rose red as a mass of heated iron out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light, over the rough slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage, but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea enclasping the base of the promontory. A glimmering idea

of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not imprisonment for a tide, to which we had consigned ourselves; it was imprisonment for a week. There was little comfort in the thought. arising, as it did, amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight, and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore, and assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk falling slowly athwart the red glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness; and just as we lost sight of her for ever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout, in reply, of the startled The vessel, as we afterwards learned, was helmsman. a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from amid the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shore. We waited on and on. however, now shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply; and at length losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upwards, higher and higher at every dash.

As the moon rose and brightened, the dead seaman became less troublesome, and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly asleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout. We started up, and again crept downwards among the crags to the shore,

and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout, and then two boats, strongly manned, shot round the western promontory, and shouted yet again. The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial, and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to True, there were cases remembered of the number. people having been tide-bound, in the Doocot caves, and not much worse in consequence, but as the caves were inaccessible even during neaps, we could not, it was said, possibly be in them; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that as had happened once before, only one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was lingering among the rocks, afraid to come home. And in this belief, when the moon rose, and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out. It was late in the morning ere we reached Cromarty, but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold; nay, such was the interest elicited, that some enormously bad verse, in which the writer described the incident a few days after, became popular enough to be handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the élite of the town.





# RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

3

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

4

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

5.

In the country on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

6.

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

7.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.



#### A JOURNEY INTO CALABRIA.

#### A FAISE ALARM.

I took a journey into Calabria, a country full of bad fellows, who bear good-will to nobody. In these mountains, the roads are precipitous, and our horses walked with difficulty. My comrade, leading the way, struck into a path which seemed to him shorter and easier than the one we followed, and led us astray. It was my own fault. Why did I put my trust in a young fellow only twenty years of age? We tried to find our way through the woods as long as daylight lasted; but the longer we walked, the more we lost ourselves, and it was black night when we reached a house, itself as black as night. We entered not without grave suspicions, but what could we do? There we found a family of charcoal-burners seated at table, who invited us to share with them. young friend needed no second invitation. We ate and drank-he at least. As for me, I was too much occupied with the place and the bearing of our strange hosts. Our hosts were like their trade, but the house was a perfect On every side pistols, sabres, cutlasses, guns. arsenal. Everything displeased me, and I saw too that I was not much liked. My companion, on the contrary, was like one of the family. He laughed and talked freely, and, with an indiscretion which I ought to have anticipated, he told whence we had come, where we were going, and who we were. And then, that he might leave out nothing likely to rouse their cupidity, and lead to our destruction, he acted the rich man, promising every one ample payment on the morrow. At last he spoke of his valise, begging them to take special care of it, and to put it on his bed to serve as a pillow: he wished, he said, no other. 'Ah, youth! youth! how much your age is to be pitied!' My friend, I assure you, one would have thought we were carrying crown diamonds, while the object of all his solicitude about his valise was the letters of his sweetheart, with which it was stuffed.

Supper ended, we were left to ourselves. Our hosts slept down stairs, we in the upper chamber where we had supped. An attic, seven or eight feet high, reached by a ladder, was our sleeping-place—a place hung with provisions to serve the year. My companion crept up alone, and being very sleepy, lay down, his head resting on his precious valise. I was determined to sit up all night and watch; and so making a good fire, I sat down near him. The greater part of the night had passed quietly, and I had begun to regain confidence, when, just before dawn, I heard below me our host and his wife discussing together; and applying my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the room below, I distinctly heard the husband say: 'Well, let us see, must we kill both of them?' To which the wife replied: 'Yes.' And after this there was silence.

What shall I say? I could scarcely breathe; my body was cold as marble. If you had seen me, you could not have said whether I was dead or alive. Heavens! what a thought! We two unarmed against ten or twelve, who had arms of all kinds. My comrade dead with fatigue and sleep! To escape alone was not to be thought of! The window was not very high, but below two huge dogs were howling like wolves. Imagine if you can my horror.

At last, in about a quarter of an hour, I hear on the

stairs the footstep of some one ascending, and through the chinks of the door I see the father, a shaded lantern in one hand, and in the other a huge knife. He came up, and behind him his wife—I standing close behind the door. He opens the door, but before entering he gives the lantern to his wife. Then on bare feet he creeps in, and she behind him whispers: 'Gently! go gently!' When he reaches the ladder he ascends softly, his knife between his teeth, and approaching the bed on which the poor young man lay extended with throat exposed, with one hand he seizes his knife, and with the other—ah, my friend!—he takes hold of a ham which hangs from the roof, cuts a piece out of it, and withdraws as he came. The door closes behind him, the light disappears, and I am left alone with my reflections.

When day appeared, we were awoke by the whole family, and a very good, nice breakfast we had, I can assure you. Two fowls were on the table, one of which we had to eat, the other our hostess insisted on our taking with us. When I saw them, I understood the dreadful words, 'Must we kill both of them?' You have sagacity enough to see what they referred to.

# HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there—
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf;

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough In England—now!

2

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the
hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the clover Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge— That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture The first fine careless rapture! And though the fields look rough with hoary dew, All will be gay when noontide wakes anew With butter-cups, the little children's dower, Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

# BEARS OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

Some seven or eight years ago I was going on foot to Paris. I had started tolerably early, and about noon the fine trees of a forest tempting me at a place where the road makes a sharp turn, I sat down with my back against an oak on a hillock of grass, my feet hanging over a ditch, and began writing in my green book.

As I was finishing the fourth line, I vaguely raised my eyes, and I perceived on the other side of the ditch, at the

edge of the road straight before, only a few paces off, a bear staring at me fixedly. In broad daylight one does not have the nightmare; one cannot be deceived by a form, by an appearance, by a queer-shaped rock, by an absurd log of wood. At noon, under a May-day sun, one is not subject to illusions.

It was indeed a bear, a living bear, a real bear, and, moreover, perfectly hideous. He was gravely seated on his haunches, shewing me the dusty underneath of his hind-paws, all the claws of which I could distinguish, his fore-paws softly crossed over his belly. His jaws were partly open; one of his ears, torn and bleeding, was hanging half off; his lower lip half torn away, shewed his well-bared tusks; one of his eyes was gone, and with the other he was looking at me with a serious air.

There was not a woodman in the forest, and what little I could see of the road was entirely deserted.

One may sometimes get out of a scrape with a dog by calling Gip or Flora, but what could one say to a bear? Where did he come from? What could it mean, this bear on the Paris high-road? What business could this new sort of vagabond have? It was very strange, very ridiculous, very unreasonable, and, after all, anything but I was, I confess, much perplexed. I remained immovable. The bear on his side also remained immovable: he even seemed to me, to a certain extent, benevolent. He looked at me as tenderly as a one-eyed bear could look. True, he had his jaws wide open, but he opened them as one opens one's mouth. was not a grin, it was only a gape. There was something honest, sanctimonious, resigned, and sleepy, about this bear. Upon the whole, his face was so good that I, too, resolved to put a good face on the matter. I accepted the bear as a spectator, and went on with what I had begun.

While I was writing, a large fly alighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. He slowly raised his right paw, and passed it over his ear with a cat-like movement. The fly took itself off. He looked after it as it went; then, when it had disappeared, he seized his two fore-paws, and as if satisfied with this classical attitude, he resumed his contemplation. I assure you I watched his movements with interest.

I was beginning to get accustomed to his presence, when an unexpected incident occurred. A noise of hasty steps was heard on the high-road, and all at once I saw turning the corner another bear, a large black bear. The first was brown. This black bear arrived at full trot, and perceiving the brown bear, gracefully rolled himself on the ground by his side. The brown bear did not condescend to look at the black bear, and the black bear did not condescend to look at me.

I confess that at sight of this new arrival, which redoubled my perplexity, my hand shook. Two bears! This time it was too much. What did it all mean? Judging from the direction from which the black bear had come, both of them must have set out from Paris, a place where bears are few, especially wild ones.

I was all but petrified—the brown bear had at last joined in the gambols of the other, and by dint of rolling in the dust, both of them had become gray. Meanwhile I had risen, and was considering whether I should pick up my stick, which had fallen into the ditch at my feet, when a third bear made his appearance—a reddish, diminutive, deformed bear, still more torn and bloody than the first; then a fourth, then a fifth, and a sixth, the two last

trotting in company. The last four bears crossed the road without looking at anything, almost running and as if they were pursued. This became too puzzling. I could not but be near the explanation. I heard barkings and shoutings; ten or twelve bull-dogs, seven or eight men armed with iron-shod sticks, and with muzzles in their hands, ran up at the heels of the fugitive bears. these men paused while the others were bringing back the muzzled beasts, and he explained to me this strange The proprietor of a circus was taking advantage of the Easter holidays to send his bears and his dogs to give some performances in the country. The whole party travelled on foot; at the last resting-place the bears had been loosed, and while their keepers were dining at the neighbouring tavern, they had taken advantage of their liberty to proceed merrily and alone on their journey.

They were bears out for a holiday.

# THE REAPER

1.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

2

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

3

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

4.

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.



### THE RIVER

ı.

Amid the rushes green and slight,
Beneath the willows tall and strong,
Wave after wave so fast and bright,
The river runs along.

2

The winter comes with icy blast,

The summer brings her scorching suns,
Day after day has come and passed,

And still the river runs.

3.

I see it flow: away, away,
Along the same broad even track,
The waves sweep onward night and day,
But never one comes back.

4

And thus it is, time passes by,

Nor ever stops for joy or pain;

Thus years, and days, and moments fly,

But never come again.

×

The shadows on the river fall,

The wave reflects them every one,
The bending rush, the poplar tall,
But carries with it none.

ß.

And every virtue, every crime,
Our thoughts, our deeds, our feelings, cast
A shadow on the stream of time,
As it goes rushing past.

7.

The wave reflecteth sky and tree,
Yet takes no colour, blue or green;
But things we've done can never be,
As though they had not been.

8

'Twas good or bad, 'twas right or wrong;
And He wise notes our every deed,
Has caught it as it swept along,
And marked it for its meed.

9

Then, as we watch the river flow,

Think we how time doth ever glide,

And pray we that our lives may throw,

Bright shadows on the tide.





# THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

I was ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown—not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman, and as for education, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though

I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situate in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger to visit us, to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same flesh and blood, they should sit with us at the same table; so that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house. I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find that he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who had lately been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year, we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw

my little ones about me; but the vanity and satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say: 'Well, upon my word, Mrs Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country.' 'Av.' neighbour,' she would answer, 'they are as Heaven made them-handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty, with which painters generally draw Hebe-open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanguished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family-likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.



## THE VOTER'S SONG.

1.

They knew that I was poor,
They thought that I was base,
And would readily endure
To be covered with disgrace.
They judged me of their tribe,
Who on dirty Mammon doat;
So they offered me a bribe
For my vote, boys, my vote.
It is my country's due,
And I'll give it, if I can,
To the honest and the true,
Like a man, boys, a man.

2

No, no; I'll hold my vote
As a treasure and a trust;
My dishonour none shall quote,
When I'm mingled with the dust.
And my children, when I'm gone,
Shall be strengthened by the thought,
That their father was not one
To be bought, boys, bought.
It is my country's due,
And I'll give it, if I can,
To the honest and the true,
Like a man, boys, a man.

#### STORY OF A LIONESS.

In the year 1816, the horses which were dragging the Exeter mail-coach, were attacked in the most furious manner by a lioness, which had escaped from a travelling-menagerie.

At the moment when the coachman pulled up, to deliver his bags at one of the stages a few miles from the town of Salisbury, one of the horses was suddenly seized by a ferocious animal. This, of course, produced great confusion and alarm. Two passengers got out, and ran into the house. The horse kicked and plunged violently, and it was with difficulty the driver could prevent the vehicle from being overturned. The light of the lamps soon enabled the guard to discover that the animal which had seized the horse was a huge lioness. A large mastiff came up, and attacked her fiercely, on which she quitted the horse and turned upon him. The dog fled, but was pursued and killed by the lioness before it had run forty yards from the place. It appeared that the ferocious animal had escaped from a menagerie, on its way to Salisbury fair. The alarm being given, the keepers pursued and hunted the lioness, carrying the dog in her teeth, into a hovel under a granary, which served for keeping agricultural implements. They soon secured her effectually, by barricading the place so as to prevent her escape. The horse, when first attacked, fought with great spirit; and if he had been at liberty, would probably have beaten down his antagonist with his fore-feet; but, in plunging, he entangled himself in the harness. The lioness, it appears, attacked him in front, and springing at his throat, had fastened the talons of

her fore-feet in each side of his gullet, close to the head, while those of her hind-feet were forced into his chest. In this situation she hung, when the blood streamed from the wound as if a vein had been opened by a lancet. The horse was so dreadfully torn, that he was not at first expected to survive. The expressions of agony in his tears and groans were most piteous and affecting. For a considerable time after the lioness had entered the hovel, she centinued roaring in a dreadful manner; so loud, indeed, that she was distinctly heard at the distance of half a mile. She was eventually secured, and led back in triumph to her cell.



STORY OF A TIGER.

Yesterday morning, Captain George Downey, Lieutenant Pyefinch, poor Mr Munro, of the Honourable East Indian Company's service, and myself (Captain Consan), went on shore on Sangur Island, to shoot deer. We saw innumerable tracks of tigers and deer; but still we were induced to pursue our sport, and did so the whole day. About half-past three, we sat down on the edge of the jungle, to eat some cold meat sent to us from the ship, and had just commenced our meal, when Mr Pyefinch and a black servant told us there was a fine deer within six yards of us. Captain Downey and I immediately jumped up to take our guns; mine was nearest, and I had but just laid hold of it when I heard a roar like thunder, and saw an immense royal tiger spring on the unfortunate Munro, who was sitting down. In a moment his head was in the beast's mouth, and he rushed into the jungle with him, with as much ease as I could lift a kitten, tearing him through the thickest bushes and trees, everything yielding to his monstrous strength. The agonies of horror, regret, and I must say, fear, for there were two tigers, rushed on me at once; the only effort I could make was to fire at him, though the poor youth was still in his mouth, I relied partly on Providence, partly on my own aim, and fired a musket. The tiger staggered and seemed agitated, which I took notice of to my two companions. Captain Downey then fired two shots, and I one more. We retired from the jungle, and a few minutes after, Munro came up to us all over blood, and fell. We took him on our backs to the boat, and got every medical assistance for him from the Valentine Indiaman, which lav at anchor near the island, but in vain. He lived twenty-four hours in the utmost torture; his head and skull were all torn and broken to pieces, and he was also wormded by the animal's claws, all over his neck and shoulders; but it was better to take him away, though irrecoverable, than leave him to be mangled and devoured. We have just read the funeral-service over his body, and committed

it to the deep. Mr Munro was an amiable and promising youth. I must observe, there was a large fire blazing close to us, composed of ten or a dozen whole trees. made it myself, on purpose to keep the tigers off, as I had always heard it would. There were eight or ten of the natives about us; many shots had been fired at the place; there was much noise and laughing at the time; but this ferocious animal disregarded all. The human mind cannot form an idea of the scene; it turned my very soul within me. The beast was about four feet and a half high, and nine long. His head appeared as large as that of an ox; his eyes darting fire, and his roar, when he first seized his prey, will never be out of my recollection. had scarcely pushed our boat from that accursed shore, when the tigress made her appearance, raging almost mad. and remained on the sand as long as the distance would allow me to see her.

#### POPE LEO X.

Panurge. I have the honour of informing your holiness, that I have discovered the secret of making gold.

Leo X. I am delighted to learn that a secret so important has been discovered by one of my subjects. I congratulate you with all my heart.

Panurge. I hope your holiness will grant me a reward worthy of the greatness of my discovery.

Leo X. You may depend on it, my friend, I shall grant any favour you can ask with the greatest pleasure.

# [Eight days later.]

Panurge. Your holiness, I now present myself before

you, to receive the promised reward for my great discovery.

Leo X. My friend, here is a purse, which I hope you will accept as a mark of my pleasure.

Panurge. But it is empty; what is the use of an empty purse?

Leo X. Did you not tell me that you could make gold?

Panurge. Undoubtedly, I can.

Leo X. Since you can make gold, then, you will be able to fill the purse for yourself.

### THE OWL

1.

In the hollow tree in the gray old tower,

The spectral owl doth dwell;

Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine-hour,

But at dusk—he's abroad and well:

Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;

All mock him outright by day;

But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,

The boldest will shrink away;

Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,

Then, then is the reign of the horned owl!

o

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold, And loveth the wood's deep gloom; And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold She awaiteth her ghastly groom! Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
Oh, when the moon shines, and the dogs do hew!,
Then, then is the cry of the horned ow!!

3.

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!

The owl hath his share of good:

If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,

He is lord in the dark green wood!

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate;

They are each unto each a pride—

Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate

Hath rent them from all beside!

So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,

Sing Ho! for the reign of the horned owl!

We know not alway who are kings by day,

But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

B. CORNWALL.





## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity, that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings; which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was one of the kindest men that ever lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor: but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shewn him. by lending him three thousand ducats. Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducate upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself: 'If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!' Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said: 'Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?' To this question the Jew replied: 'Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys, and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well, then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me and say, Shylock, lend me moneys. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and sav. Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys.' Antonio replied: 'I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty.' 'Why, look you,' said Shylock, 'how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money.' This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was with a view to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

'Content,' said Antonio; 'I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew.' Bassanio said Antonio should not sign such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed: 'Oh, father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture! A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so—if not, adien.'

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was, as the Jew said, merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont; her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio, being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano. Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of kim for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him: and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said: 'Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring:' presenting a ring to Bassanio. Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and, taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio: and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time. With all my heart, Gratiano, and Bassanio, if you can get a wife.

Gratiano then said that he loved the Lady Portia's fair waiting-gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied: 'Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.' Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said: 'Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano.'

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter. Portia feared that it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said: 'Oh, sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper; gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you I had less than nothing, being in debt.' Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shvlock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day; and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were: 'Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure—if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.'

'Oh, my dear love,' said Portia, 'despatch all business, and begone; you shall have gold to pay his money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you.' Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to the money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison. The day of paying being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence. Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him,

desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young Doctor Balthasar—so he called Portia—might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger. who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in, gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and, first of all, she addressed herself to Shylock, and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of mercy, it would have softened any heart

but the unfeeling Shylock's, saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. 'Is he not able to pay the money?' asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his fayour, and he said: 'A Daniel is come to judgment! Oh, wise young judge, how I do honour you! How much elder are you than your looks!'

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said: 'This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart.' Then she said to Shylock: 'Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond.' But no mercy would the cruel Shylock shew; and he said: 'By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me.' 'Why then, Antonio,' said Portia, 'you must prepare your bosom for the knife;' and while Shylock was

sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio: 'Have you anything to say?' Antonio, with calm resignation, replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio: 'Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!' Bassanio, in the deepest affliction, replied: 'Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life. I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you.'

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in those strong terms, yet could not help answering: 'Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer.' And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia: 'I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew.' 'It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house,' said Nerissa. Shylock now cried out impatiently: 'We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence.' And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew: 'Shylock, you must have some

surgeon by, lest he bleed to death.' Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, 'It is not so named in the bond.' Portia replied: 'It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It is good you did so much for charity.' To this, all the answer Shylock would make was: 'I cannot find it; it is not in the bond.' 'Then,' said Portia, 'a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it.' Again Shylock exclaimed: 'O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!' And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said: 'Come, prepare!'

'Tarry a little, Jew,' said Portia; 'there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are—a pound of flesh. If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice.' Now, as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used: 'O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!'

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's

unexpected deliverance, cried out: 'Here is the money!' But Portia stopped him, saying: 'Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty; therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than a just pound—be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate.'

'Give me my money, and let me go,' said Shylock.

'I have it ready,' said Bassanio; 'here it is.'

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying: 'Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you.'

The duke then said to Shylock: 'That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state.' The generous Antonio then said, that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately been married against his consent to a young Christian, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her. The Jew agreed to this; and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said: 'I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter.'

'Get you gone, then,' said the duke, 'and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty, and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches.'

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied: 'I humbly thank your Grace, but I must away directly.'

The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and, turning to Antonio, he added: 'Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him.'

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia: 'Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend, Antonio, have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew.'

'And we shall stand indebted to you over and above,' said Antonio, 'in love and service evermore.'

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said: 'Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake:' and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger: now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring: 'And for your love I will take this ring from you.' Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's

gift, and he had vowed never to part with it: but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying: 'You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered.' 'Dear Bassario.' said Antonio, 'let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure.' Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring: and then the clerk Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, begged it of him, and Gratiano—not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord—gave it to her. And there was laughing among those ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy. and she said to Nerissa: 'That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world:' and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said: 'Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day.' And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them. with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friends to the Lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings, of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room.

- 'A quarrel already!' said Portia; 'what is the matter?'
- Gratiano replied: 'Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife—"Love me and leave me not."'
- 'What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?' said Nerissa; 'you swore to me, when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman!'
- 'By this hand,' replied Gratiano, 'I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life: this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him.'

Portia said: 'You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my Lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world.' Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said: 'My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, begged my ring.'

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great caraestness: 'No, by my honour, no woman had it, but

a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which, when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor.'

'Ah,' said Antonio, 'I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels!'

Portia bade Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said: 'I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you.'

'Then you shall be his surety,' said Portia; 'give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other.'

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find that it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, containing an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good-fortune which ensued, and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not

know their own wives; Gratiano merrily declaring, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

'While he lived, he'd fear no other thing So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.'

#### THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

'Some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning, they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to kneel down and how to the ground. The Sikhs obeyed; but the English soldier, declaring he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.'

Last night, among his fellows rough,
He jested, quaffed, and swore—
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's\* place—
Ambassador from Britain's crown,

And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered and alone—
A heart with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.

<sup>\*</sup> Lord Elgin was then commander-in-chief of the British forces in China.

Ay, tear his body limb from limb, Bring cord, or axe, or fiame; He only knows, that not through kime Shall England come to shame.

Low Kentish\* hop-fields round him seemed
Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young!

Yes; honour calls! with strength like steel,
He put the vision by—
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knees to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleet of iron framed—
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep unstained
The strong heart of her sons.
So let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

1

<sup>\*</sup> The Buffs, or West Kent Regiment.

### MULY MOLUC.

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Marocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incur-However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day; but, knowing the fatal quences that would happen to him and his people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that, if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from his army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge, which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, than finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where, laving his finger on his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

### THE VICAR

1.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shewn across the Green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

2

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour-steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say:
'Our master knows you; you're expected.'

3.

Up rose the Reverend Doctor Brown,
Up rose the doctor's 'winsome marrow;'
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous barrow.
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

4.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court and college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the vicarage, or the vicar.

5.

His talk was like a stream which runs,
With rapid change from rooks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses.
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses;
And ending with some precept deep,
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

R

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

Alack the change! In vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled;
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled!

The church is larger than before,
You reach it by a carriage-entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

8.

Where is the old man laid? Look down
And construe on the slab before you—
'Here lieth Dr William Brown,
Vir nullå non donandus lauro.'

#### BARS AND BREAKERS.

THE EARLIEST SETTLING OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

And on the twenty-second of March, the *Tonquin* arrived at the mouth of the Oregon, or Columbia river.

The aspect of the river and the adjacent coasts was wild and dangerous. The mouth of the Columbia is upwards of four miles wide, with a peninsula and promontory on one side, and a long low spit of land on the other; between which a sand bar and chain of breakers almost block. The interior of the country rises into successive ranges of mountains, which, at the time of the arrival of the *Tonquin*, were covered with snow.

A fresh wind from the north-west sent a rough tumbling sea upon the coast, which broke upon the bar in furious surges, and extended a sheet of foam almost across the mouth of the river. Under these circumstances, the captain did not think it prudent to approach within three leagues, until the bar should be sounded, and the channel ascertained. Mr Fox, the chief mate, was ordered to this service in the whale-boat, accompanied by John Martin, an old seaman, who had formerly visited the river, and by three Canadians. Fox requested to have regular sailors to man the boat, but the captain would not spare them from the service of the ship, and supposed the Canadians, being expert boatmen on lakes and rivers, were competent to the service. With a misgiving heart, he came to the partners for sympathy, knowing their differences with the captain, and the tears were in his eyes as he represented the case. sent off,' said he, 'without seamen to man my boat, in boisterous weather, and on the most dangerous part of the north-west coast. My uncle was lost a few years ago on this same bar, and I am now going to lay my bones alongside of his.' The partners sympathised in his apprehensions, and remonstrated with the captain. The latter, however, was not to be moved. He had been displeased with Mr Fox in the earlier part of the voyage, considering him indolent and inactive, and probably thought his present repugnance arose from a want of true nautical spirit. The interference of the partners in the business of the ship, also, was not calculated to have a favourable effect on a stickler for authority like himself, especially in his actual state of feeling towards them.

At one o'clock P.M., therefore, Fox and his comrades set off in the whale-boat, which is represented as small in size, and crazy in condition. All eyes were strained after the little bark as it was pulled for shore, rising and sinking with the huge rolling waves, until it entered, a mere speck among the foaming breakers, and became lost to view.

Evening set in, night succeeded and passed away, and morning returned, but without the return of the boat. As the wind had moderated, the ship stood near to the land, so as to command a view of the river's mouth. Nothing was to be seen but a wild chaos of tumbling waves, breaking upon the bar, and apparently forming a foaming barrier from shore to shore. Towards night, the ship again stood out to gain sea-room, and a gloom was visible in every countenance. The captain himself shared in the general anxiety, and probably repented his peremptory orders. Another weary and watchful night succeeded, during which the wind subsided, and the weather became serene.

On the following day the ship, having drifted near the land, anchored in fourteen fathoms' water to the northward of the long peninsula or promontory which forms the north side of the entrance, and is called Cape Disappointment. The pinnace was then manned, and two of the partners, Mr David Stuart and Mr M'Kay, set off in hope of learning something of the fate of the whale-boat. The surf, however, broke with such violence along the shore that they could find no landing-place. Several of the natives appeared on the beach, and made signs to them to row round the cape, but they thought it most prudent to return to the ship.

The wind now sprung up, the *Tonquin* got underway, and stood in to seek the channel, but was again deterred, by the frightful aspect of the breakers, from venturing within a league.

Here she hove to, and Mr Mumford, the second-mate, was despatched with four hands, in the pinnace, to sound

aeross the channel until he should find four fathoms' depth.

The pinnace entered among the breakers, but was near being lost, and with difficulty got back to the ship. The captain insisted that Mr Mumford had steered too much to the southward. He now turned to Mr Aiken, an able mariner, destined to command the schooner intended for the coasting-trade, and ordered him, together with John Coles, sail-maker, Stephen Weeks, armourer, and two Sandwich Islanders, to proceed ahead and take soundings, while the ship should follow under easy sail. In this way they proceeded, until Aiken had ascertained the channel, when signal was given from the ship for him to return on board. He was then within pistol-shot, but so furious was the current, and tumultuous the breakers, that the boat became unmanageable, and was hurried away, the crew crying out piteously for assistance. In a few moments, she could not be seen from the ship's deck. Some of the passengers climbed to the mizen-top, and beheld her still struggling to reach the ship; but shortly after she broached broadside to the waves, and her case seemed too desperate. The attention of those on board of the ship was now called to their own safety. They were in shallow water. The vessel struck repeatedly, the waves broke over her, and there was danger of her foundering. At length she got into seven fathoms, and the wind lulling, and the night coming on, she cast anchor. With the darkness, their anxieties increased; the wind whistled, the sea roared, the gloom was only broken by the ghastly glare of the foaming breakers; the minds of the seamen were full of dreary apprehensions, and some of them fancied they heard the cries of their lost

comrades mingling with the uproar of the elements. For a time, too, the rapidly ebbing tide threatened to sweep them from their precarious anchorage. At length the reflux of the tide, and the springing up of the wind, enabled them to quit their dangerous situation, and take shelter in a small bay within Cape Disappointment, where they rode in safety during the residue of a stormy night, and enjoyed a brief interval of refreshing sleep. With the light of day returned their cares and They looked out from the mast-head over a wild coast and wilder sea, but could discover no trace of the two boats and their crews that were missing. Several of the natives came on board with peltries, but there was no disposition to trade. They were interrogated by signs after the lost boats, but could not understand the inquiries. Parties now went on shore, and scoured the neighbourhood. One of these was headed by the captain. They had not proceeded far, when they beheld a person at a distance in civilised garb. As he drew near, he proved to be Weeks the armourer. There was a burst of joy, for it was hoped his comrades were near at hand. His story, however, was one of disaster. He and his companions had found it impossible to govern their boat, having no rudder, and being beset by rapid and whirling currents and boisterous surges.

After long struggling, they had let her go at the mercy of the waves, tossing about, sometimes with her bow, sometimes with her broadside to the surges, threatened each instant with destruction, yet repeatedly escaping, until a huge sea broke over, and swamped her. Weeks was overwhelmed by the boiling waves, but emerging above the surface, looked round for his companions.

Aiken and Coles were not to be seen; near him were the two Sandwich Islanders, stripping themselves of their clothing, that they might swim more freely. He did the same, and the boat floating near him, he seized hold of it. The two islanders joined him, and uniting their forces, they succeeded in turning the boat upon her keel; then bearing down her stern, and rocking her, they forced out so much water that she was able to bear the weight of a man without sinking. One of the islanders now got in, and in a little while baled out the water with his hands. The other swam about and collected the oars, and the three got once more on board.

By this time the wind had swept them beyond the breakers, and Weeks called for his companions to row for land. They were so chilled and benumbed by the cold, however, that they lost all heart, and absolutely refused. Weeks was equally chilled, but had superior sagacity and self-command. He counteracted the tendency to drowsiness and stupor which cold produces, by keeping himself in constant exercise; and seeing that the vessel was advancing, and that everything depended upon himself, he set to work to scull the boat clear of the bar, into quiet water. Towards midnight, one of the poor islanders expired. His companion threw himself on his corpse, and could not be persuaded to leave The dismal night were away amidst these horrors, and as day dawned. Weeks found himself near land. He steered directly for it, and at length, with the aid of the surf, ran his boat high upon a sandy beach. Finding that one of the Sandwich Islanders yet gave signs of life, he aided him to leave the boat, and set out with him to the adjacent woods. The poor fellow, however, was too feeble to follow him, and Weeks was

soon obliged to abandon him to his fate, and provide for his own safety. Falling upon a beaten-path, he pursued it, and after a few hours came to a part of the coast where, to his surprise and joy, he beheld the ship at anchor, and was met by the captain and his party. After Weeks had related his adventures, the parties were despatched to beat up the coast in search of the unfortunate islander. They returned at night without success, though they had used the utmost diligence. On the following day, the search was resumed, and the poor fellow was at length discovered lying beneath a group of rocks, his legs swollen, his feet torn and bloody from walking through bushes and briers, and himself half-dead with cold, hunger, and fatigue.

Weeks and this islander were the only survivors of the crew of the jolly-boat, and no trace was ever discovered of Fox and his party.

Thus, eight men were lost on the first approach to the coast; a misfortune that cast a gloom over the spirits of the whole party, and was regarded by some of the superstitious as an omen that boded no good to the enterprise. Towards night, the Sandwich Islanders went on shore, to bury the body of their unfortunate countryman who had perished in the boat. On arriving at the place where it had been left, they dug a grave in the sand, in which they deposited the corpse, with a biscuit under one of the arms, some lard under the chin, and a small quantity of tobacco, as provisions for its journey to the land of spirits.

Having covered the body with sand and flints, they kneeled along the grave in a double row, with their faces turned to the east, while one who officiated as a priest, sprinkled them with water from a hat. In so doing, he

recited a kind of prayer, or invocation, to which, at intervals, the others made responses. Such were the simple rites performed by these poor savages at the grave of their comrade, on the shore of a strange land; and when these were done, they rose and returned in silence to the ship, without casting a look behind.

### THE QUEEN AND THE YOUNG COURTIER.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign; and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his impudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting, at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire, and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye-an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance

on the youth as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened, which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

### THE HITCHEN MAY-DAY SONG.

1.

Remember us poor Mayers all!

And thus we do begin

To lead our lives in righteousness,

Or else we die in sin.

2

We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day;
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

3.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

4

The hedges and trees they are so green, As green as any leek; Our heavenly Father He watered them With His heavenly dew so sweet.

5.

The heavenly gates are open wide, Our paths are beaten plain; And if a man be not too far gone, He may return again.

6

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

7.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day:
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!

#### THE RAVEN.

1

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamberdoor.

''Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamberdoor—

Only this, and nothing more.'

2

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:

'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamberdoor—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—

This it is, and nothing more.'

3

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamberdoor,

That I scarce was sure I heard you'—here I opened wide the door—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

4.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.

'Surely,' said I—'surely, that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.

'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

5.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamberdoor—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

6.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!'

Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

7.

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore; For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamberdoor,

With such name as 'Nevermore.'

R

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling, Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

# SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

1

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,
I've heard he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

2

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee,
When echo bandied round and round
The shrill halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

2

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there 's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices.

But oh, the heavy change !—bereft
Of health, strength, friends and kindred, see
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty:
His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His body dwindled and awry
Rests upon ankles swollen and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
He has no son, he has no child;
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger;
But what avails the land to them
Which he can till no longer?

7.
Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.

And though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them.

8

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tall,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you 've waited,
And now I fear that you expect.
Some tale will be related.

9

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in everything.
What more I have to say is short,
And you must kindly take it:
It is no tale; but, should you think,
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

10.

One summer-day I chanced to see
This old man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
A stump of rotter wood.
The mattock tottered in his hand;
So vain was his endeavour,
That at the root of the old tree
He might have worked for ever.

11.

'You're overtasked, good Simon Lee, Give me your tool,' to him I said; And at the word right gladly he Received my proffered aid. I struck, and with a single blow The tangled root I severed, At which the poor old man so long And vainly had endeavoured.

12.

The tears into his eyes were brought, And thanks and praises seemed to run So fast out of his heart, I thought They never would have done. I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds With coldness still returning; Alas! the gratitude of men Has oftener left me mourning.

Wordsworth.





SCALING THE EYRIE.

'Not one fowler in fifty thousand,' writes Christopher North, 'has in all his days shot an eagle.' Beside the difficulty of it, there is a certain daring impiety in such an act, which perhaps disturbs the aim. Above that glorious bird—between him and the sun—no living thing can soar. From a region of unbroken solitude, he scans the movements of the minutest creatures here below with eyes of fire. Even when very young, they possess this marvellous power of vision. An eaglet was tethered

to a rock on a mountain summit, where, from a lurkingplace built of loose stones, the hunter hoped to get a shot at the parents when they came to bring it food. Long before he perceived anything, the young bird would utter its cry of welcome, and its screaming and fluttering would always warn him of the approach of those magnificent creatures, who were not as yet to him even a point in the sky. Great as are the distances which these birds sometimes fly, it becomes comprehensible when we know that an eagle, as he sweeps freely through the air, traverses a space of sixty feet in a second of time. To be able thus rapidly to move along is undoubtedly an attribute of power; but there is something far more imposing, far more majestic, in that calm, onward motion, when, with wings outspread, and quite still, the mighty bird floats buoyantly in the atmosphere, upheld and borne along by the mere act of volition. The length of time he can thus remain suspended without a single beat of his broad shadowy pinions is, to me, still an inexplicable fact. He will sail forward in a perfectly horizontal direction for a distance of more than a mile, without the slightest quiver of a feather giving sign that the wings are moved. Not less extraordinary is the power the bird possesses of arresting himself instantaneously at a certain spot in dropping through the air with folded wings from a height of three or four thousand feet. When circling so high up that he shews but as a dot, he will suddenly close both wings, and, falling like an aërolite, pass through the intervening space in a few seconds of time. With a burst, his broad pinions are again unfolded; his downward progress is arrested, and he sweeps away horizontally, smoothly, and without effort. He has been seen to do this when carrying a sheep of twenty-six

pounds' weight in his talons, and from so giddy a height that both the eagle and his booty were not larger than a sparrow. It was directly over a wall of rock in which the eyrie was built; and while the speck in the clouds was being examined, and doubts entertained as to the possibility of its being the eagle, down he came headlong, every instant increasing in size, when, in passing the precipice, out flew his mighty wings, the sheep was flung into the nest, and on the magnificent creature moved, calmly and unflurried as a bark sails gently down the stream of a river.'

An eagle does not dart down upon his prey as a robin upon a worm. He will not descend to any spot of ground unless he can leave it again with the same bold curve with which he came. Through this many a lamb escapes, and the eagle fasts. That bird can go for a week or even a fortnight without eating anything, but when he does eat, his voracity is proportionable to his enforced abstinence. In building his eyrie, he always chooses a spot inaccessible to his enemies—some ledge sheltered by the overhanging rock, whither man (apparently) cannot climb, and where his young will be safe from weasles and other vermin; a rock facing the south is the favourite locality, since the sun insures the egg being kept warm in the mother's absence. Such spots, of course, are rare, and therefore made use of for this purpose again and again. At Rohrmoos, in Allgau, thirty miles from the Lake of Constance, such an evrie had been tenanted during the breeding-season for time immemorial; and on July 13, 1860, one Count Max Arco, a hero who had shot ten eagles, sat down before the place with the intention of rifling it of the eaglet it was known to contain. This feet was pronounced by the

matter it is summer impossible. The wall it was the free immired feet until by an immired passes band, and those the west wise the state was built projected at each indicated in the country was a paid the channes made and minute which are good mornishes and climber make his very lit approach between than this is the each, was beyond at farman possibility. Fellow it and proving on the paid was the small instead and above power a lensification of the small provide in the way next day, but the falling if her made was a till more climate matter. For more than a week till the farmer pass his tage in this emission and remembly in top it min.

On the 18th says the court the weather being masafficial I was sway a my tost in half-tast one in the morning. There was such a hour-frest that I was almost ferness, and for the time it was six Paleck. I did not think I would been it say larger, when soweris either the arrival of the each care me a little warmin. He wheeled round in a while then perched on the very summit of the precipies, about two hypeired vanis off on a dead-tree and never once essed gazing at me in my concealment for fall two bours. I watched him the whole time with my telescope through the small port-hole in my screen, and new distinctly that he was occupied uninterruptedly and exclusively in discovering if I was inside or not. His countless various movements with the head, neck, and eyes were in a high degree interesting. Bitterly unconfortable as it was to do so, I still resolved not to stir, as his cunning would assuredly have discovered the least movement on my part. Those were two painful hours! At last, he spread his large pinions, and, with a single

rush, shot away from the rock, and disappeared over the ridge. I thought, should he not have observed me, he will certainly think all is right, and will go to fetch provender for his young; if, on the contrary, he does not return, then he assuredly has seen me in spite of my concealment. An hour had scarcely passed, when I suddenly heard a rushing noise, and at the same moment he had already flown past the eyrie. In doing so, he had with a dexterity equal to his cunning, flung sideways to his offspring a roe-kid which he held in his talons, and then, instantaneously folding his long wings close to his body, dropped like a stone through the air a distance of two hundred feet, when suddenly, as with a start, spreading out his pinions, he began to wheel about quietly as before. All this was the work of a moment, so that it never once entered my head to fire. The extreme cunning of the creature in letting himself fall in this way completely stupified me. "If he does so always," then, I thought, "I do not know how I am to hit him."'

Upon the next day, he shot him dead as he flung the food in to his young.

The real difficulty of the matter—the taking the bird's nest—had now to be faced in earnest. The being let down over the cliff-top, and then pulling one's self sideways towards the eyrie, by means of a boat-hook, was found to be impracticable—the projection being so great that it was only possible to get above or below the eyrie, and not into it. After eight hours of fruitless endeavour, it was decided that a ladder must be employed of 100 feet long at least. During the night, therefore, the count had two old and crazy ladders repaired, and a new one constructed. These three were bound firmly together, and held by a rope from above the precipice, with the foot resting on

be set. The was the property of the same and THE PER PER TO BE SEE THE THE THE THEFT WAS SHOW MY THE ! . IN THE ENGLISH dented here. The last time latter was now in the THE THE THE THE THE PROPERTY WITH THE PROPERTY AND investion religies at the last the research . The last the year destroyed weggt the risk and the maker offered a sale service and the sales and THE STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE P AN WARE IN THE PARK HARRY TO THE UNIT THE I'm ight material is we want into a tree propert 2 to make a tracket into which was intrinsect WAR IN ANY MINE TO THE E THE PARTY AND A THE P Sintercript for one want is in more it want income. the would which and more mineer measurement imme the right distress jet one mi instinct w us a seems the matest place, in leasure to expense the granted might and reflectly remedicular: he into home from feet in sength, formed an angle like the iron, may in the venturey timesion—sensely, measurems. At the ma-A was full two less from the syme, and contact against the bower part of it, and on the transcript and interpresent hanging of which it was mult.

Nother westerned not invester would venture upon this, awaring that whoever got on the aumost lability no matter how light he might be, must needs full backwards. If they were to get their prince's whole territory for what princ, they said, they would not attempt such a thing.

"Thom," said the count, "I must needs go up mysaid, for I will met but the eaglet starve after having shot the same three."

Then he gove directions as to what should be done in the of merident; above all, expoining allence upon the

others whatsoever they might see occur to him. ' 'The foot-ladder was so slender that it rocked with my weight very considerably, and I was glad when it was passed. When I now came to the perpendicular one, and saw the position of that at top, I cannot deny that, as I mounted, I commended my soul to my Maker; but I was calm, and as full of confidence in the strength of my arms, and in my bodily activity, as though there was not the least danger present. The perpendicular ladder was now ascended. Although I had not the least giddiness whatever, I could not but see, on looking upwards, and then down below, that to mount the third ladder was a feat for a rope-dancer, rather than for any one else; and thinking of my wife and thirteen children, I turned it over in my mind, whether it would not be better to go back. Meanwhile it occurred to me, that as long as the upper part of the ladder did not project more outwards. it would, by reason of its own perpendicular weight, bear the weight of my body hanging backwards without toppling over. Trusting, therefore, to this, I now began to mount, my body hanging down and away from the ladder, which, as the men afterwards told me, was a really fearful sight. I now was at that part of the ladder where it leaned against the straggling branches of the eyrie, and had ten or twelve rounds still above me. discovered that the eyrie, instead of being two feet high, as we had supposed when viewing it from below, was composed of branches which had been accumulated by the eagles for years, and was nearly eight feet in height. The ladder was therefore about eight feet too short, in order to enable a person to step off it into the nest. What was to be done? To turn back was not at all to my taste, and the hope to be able at least to look into

the evrie carried the day. With all heed I mounted higher; putting my hands through the ladder, and holding on by the branches of the evrie, and with my feet pressing the ladder as closely as possible against it. I had now the last round of the ladder in my hand, but there was still five feet to the nest; so that I was obliged to trust all my weight to the branches that composed it. Boring my hands and arms as far as I could into the immense fabric of boughs and branches, I carefully tested them all till I found one that I could neither snap in two nor drag out; grasping this firmly, I thus got on the topmost round of the ladder-one hundred and ten feet high-but even now I could only lean my chin firmly against a stick on the outermost edge of the nest, while with both arms I held fast on its surface. Just before me lav a half-putrid dead animal, alive with a million of worms, and there was a stench enough to knock one down from the ladder. However, in my unsafe position, there was little time for giving que attention to all this abomination. When I had gained a firm hold, I allowed myself to stretch my back and knees somewhat; by doing so, I gained half a foot, which just enabled me to peep into the nest, where, to my despair, I made the discovery that the young bird was sitting in the very hindermost corner, four feet away from me. On gaining sight of him, I held doubly tight with my left hand, and saluted the young scion of a royal race with due respect, taking off my cap to him, and waving it with a shout to the men below. I now cast a look at the household arrangements of the eyrie, and discovered at least half-a-dozen roe and chamois kids. several hares, black-cock, a weasel, &c., all half devoured, besides a mass of bones, and skeletons spread out on

the nest, which was alive with all sorts of vermin. It was a veritable carrion-pit, horrid and disgusting. The question, however, was to get possession of this future despoiler.'

The count could not clamber into the nest, for then he would not have been able to reach the topmost round of the ladder again, so he pulled a stick out and poked the young bird, who seized it with his talons, whereupon he dragged it towards him. The count was for a moment 'without hold or support of any kind.'

No wonder that those beneath him were made giddy and sick through watching his movements; no wonder that he was himself in such a perspiration that the moisture ran down into his shoes, and that on coming below he was unable to hold his hand and arm quiet from the excessive exertion.

#### THE TWO OXFORD STUDENTS.

Leopold. John, go to Mr Marcus's room, and ask him to lend me Livingstone's Travels in Africa.

John. Mr Marcus, my master sends me to beg you will lend him Livingstone's Travels.

Marcus. Tell Mr Leopold that I make it a rule never to lend my books, but if he will take the trouble to come to my room, he can read Livingstone's Travels as long as he likes.

## Three months after.

Marcus. Thomas, go and ask Mr Leopold to lend me his bellows to blow my fire. You will never be able to light it without them, I am quite sure.

99

Mann. It Land. We should have been been a super a land of the land.

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# TO THE CUCKION

L

- O blithe new-range! I have heard.
  I hear these and rejoice:
- () Cheken! shall I call ther bird, (n but a wandering Voice?

2

While I am lying on the grass
'Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once for off and near.

3.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

4

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!

Even yet thou art to me

No bird, but an invisible thing—

A voice, a mystery;

5

The same whom in my schoolboy-days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

ß

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen!

17

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, till I do beget That golden time again.

8.

O blesséd bird! the earth we pace Again appears to be An unsubstantial, fairy place That is fit home for thee!

#### THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

On the 14th September 1812, while the rear-guard of the Russians were in the act of evacuating Moscow, Napoleon reached the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because it is there that the natives kneel and cross themselves at first sight of the Holy City.

Moscow seemed lordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty churches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of eastern architecture mingled with trees, and surrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke, not a man appeared on the battlements, or at the gates. Napoleon gazed every moment, expecting to see a train of bearded boyards arriving to fling themselves at his feet, and place their wealth at his disposal. His first exclamation was: 'Behold at last that celebrated city!' His next: 'It was full time!' His army, less regardful of the past or the future, fixed their eyes on the goal of their wishes, and a shout of 'Moscow!--Moscow!' passed from rank to rank. . . . .

When he entered the gates of Moscow, Bonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopped immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in the desolate city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumour, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful certainty, announced that the city would be

endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it, until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters, by the report that the town was in flames. The memorable conflagration began amongst the coachmakers' warehouses and workshops in the bazaar, or general market, which was the most rich district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Napoleon, who had been roused by the tumult, hurried to the spot, and when the alarm seemed at an end, he retired, not to his former quarters in the suburbs, but to the Kremlin, the hereditary palace of the only sovereign whom he had ever treated as an equal, and over whom his successful arms had now attained such an apparently immense superiority. Yet he did not suffer himself to be dazzled by the advantage he had obtained, but availed himself of the light of the blazing bazaar to write to the emperor proposals of peace with his own hand. They were despatched by a Russian officer of rank, who had been disabled by indisposition from following the army. But no answer was ever returned.

Next day the flames had disappeared, and the French officers luxuriously employed themselves in selecting out of the deserted palaces of Moscow, that which best pleased the fancy of each for his residence. At night, the flames again arose in the north and west quarters of the city. As the greater part of the houses were built of wood, the conflagration spread with the most dreadful rapidity. This was at first imputed to the blazing brands and sparkles which were carried by the wind; but at length it was observed, that as often as the wind changed—and it

changed three times in that terrible night—new flames broke always forth in that direction, where the existing gale was calculated to direct them on the Kremlin. These horrors were increased by the chance of explosion. There was, though as yet unknown to the French, a magazine of powder in the Kremlin; besides that, a park of artillery, with its ammunition, was drawn up under the emperor's window. Morning came, and with it a dreadful scene. During the whole night the metropolis had glared with an untimely and unnatural light. It was now covered with a thick and suffocating atmosphere of almost palpable smoke. The flames defied the efforts of the French soldiery; and it is said that the fountains of the city had been rendered inaccessible, the water-pipes cut, and the fire-engines destroyed or carried off.

Then came the reports of fireballs having been found burning in deserted houses; of men and women, that, like demons, had been seen openly spreading flames, and who were said to be furnished with combustibles for rendering their dreadful work more secure. Several wretches, against whom such acts had been charged, were seized upon, and, probably without much inquiry, were shot on the spot. While it was almost impossible to keep the roof of the Kremlin clear of the burning brands which showered down the wind, Napoleon watched from the windows the course of the fire which devoured his fair conquest, and the exclamation burst from him: 'These are indeed Scythians!'

The equinoctial gales rose higher and higher upon the third night, and extended the flames, with which there was no longer any human power of contending. At the dead hour of midnight, the Kremlin itself was found to be on fire. A soldier of the Russian police, charged with

being the incendiary, was turned over to the summary vengeance of the Imperial Guard. Bonaparte was then, at length, persuaded by the entreaties of all around him, to relinquish his quarters in the Kremlin, to which, as the visible mark of his conquest, he had seemed to cling with the tenacity of a lion holding a fragment of his He encountered both difficulty and danger in retiring from the palace, and before he could gain the city-gate, he had to traverse, with his suite, streets arched with fire, and in which the very air they breathed was suffocating. At length he gained the open country, and took up his abode in a palace of the Czar's, called Petrowsky, about a French league from the city. As he looked back on the fire, which, under the influence of the autumnal wind, swelled and surged round the Kremlin, like an infernal ocean around a sable Pandemonium, he could not suppress the ominous expression: 'This bodes us great misfortune!'

The fire continued to triumph unopposed, and consumed in a few days what it had cost centuries to raise. 'Palaces and temples,' says a Russian author, 'monuments of art, and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages which had passed away, and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors, and the nursery-cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of the city, and the deep resolution to avenge its fall.'

The fire raged till the 19th with unabated violence, and then began to slacken for want of fuel. It is said fourfifths of this great city were laid in ruins.

#### THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

I.

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna.

With seven heads and fourteen eyes.
To see and well discern-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub.
Or he ne'er had done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings.

Each one upon each shoulder;

With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,

Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws

Four-and-forty teeth of iron;

With a hide as tough as any buff,

Which did him round environ.

3.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse Held seventy men in his belly?

This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye;
Devouréd he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple.

4.

All sorts of cattle this dragon would eat;
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees:
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys;
He ate all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

ĸ.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise,
O save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

6.

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

7.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he looked, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:

He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,

Each cow, each home, and each hog:

For fear they did flee, for they took him to be

Some strange, outlandish hedgehog.

8.

To see this fight all people then.
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trousers,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitze.

9

It is not strength that always wins,

For wit doth strength excel;

Which made our cunning champion

Creep down into a well,

Where he did think this dragon would drink,

And so he did in truth;

And as he stooped low, he rose up and cried, Boh!

And kicked him in the mouth.

10.

'Oh,' quoth the dragon with a deep sigh,
And turned six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing,
Out of his throat of leather:
'More of More-hall, O thou rascal,
Would I had seen thee never;
With the thing at thy foot thou hast pricked my throat,
And I'm quite undone for ever.

li.

'Murder! murder!' the dragon cried,
'Alack, alack, for grief;
Had you but missed that place, you could
Have done me no mischief.'
Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,
And down he laid and cried;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he;
So groaned, and kicked, and died!

## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ı.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
'Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

9

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

3

So the sweet lark, high poised in air, Shuts close his pinions to his breast If chance his mate's shrill call he hear, And drops at once into her nest; THE SPECTAL SP

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Then sales sentences injust him I have.
Then sales in my wall write them in layer from

Through 'notice call me from they mens.

I see my specify from moren;

Through commons more, get mile from horms

Without shall to his dear moren.

Love trees wide the balls that round me fly.

Lost graviums trees should drop from Summ's eye."

8.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosom spread;

No longer must she stay aboard;

They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.

Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;

'Adieu!' she cries; and waves her lily hand.

#### JOSEPH II. AND THE GRENADIER.

The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria was very fond of seeking for adventures. One morning, dressed in a very ordinary way, he got into a public conveyance, and told the driver to take him through the town. The cab having been obstructed by some carts, a soldier came up to the disguised monarch and said: 'Comrade, will you give me a lift?'

Emperor. Gladly; jump up quickly, for I am in a hurry.

Soldier. Ah! you are a fine fellow; you only want moustaches to look like a soldier. Tell me now [Tapping his royal neighbour on the shoulder], are you a good hand at guessing?

Emperor. Maybe I am. Try.

Soldier. Well then, friend, give your whole mind to it, and tell me what I ate this morning for breakfast?

Emperor. Saurkraut, and a cup of coffee.

Soldier. Better than that.

Emperor. A slice of ham, then.

Soldier. Better than that.

Emperor. Then it must have been a sausage, with a glass of wine after it to help digestion.

Soldier. Better than that. But, friend, you will never be able to guess: I breakfasted off a pheasant killed in the emperor's park. What do you think of that?

Emperor. I think that very extraordinary indeed. Had you not told me, I should never have guessed it. Now it is my turn, grenadier. I will put your sharpness to the proof. Tell me who I am, and what rank I hold in the army?

Soldier. Well, I should have taken you for an ensign; but you are not well enough dressed to be an officer.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. You are a lieutenant, perhaps.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. A captain, then.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. Why, then, you must be a general.

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. [Very much excited, and taking off his cap] I beg a thousand pardons of your excellency; you are a field-marshal of the empire. [He tries to get out of the cab.]

Emperor. Better than that.

Soldier. Pardon, sire, you are the emperor—I am a lost man. [He jumps out of the cab. The emperor, delighted with the adventure, and laughing heartily, throws him a purse.] 'Take that, soldier, in proof that you have lost nothing!'

## THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE TONQUIN.

The Tonquin set sail from the mouth of the river on the 5th of June. The whole number of persons on board amounted to twenty-three. In one of the outer bays they picked up, from a fishing-canoe, an Indian named Lamazae, who had already made two voyages along the coast, and knew something of the language of the various tribes. He agreed to accompany them as interpreter.

Steering to the north, Captain Thorn arrived in a few days at Vancouver's Island, and anchored in the harbour of Newestee, very much against the advice of his Indian interpreter, who warned him against the perfidious character of the natives of this part of the coast.

Numbers of canoes soon came off, bringing sea-otter skins to sell. It was too late in the day to commence a traffic, but Mr MrKay, accompanied by a few of the men, went on shore to a large village to visit Weccananish, the chief of the surrounding territory, six of the natives remaining on board as hostages. He was received with great professions of friendship, entertained hospitably, and a couch of otter-skins was prepared for him in the dwelling of the chieftain, where he was prevailed upon to pass the night.

In the morning, before Mr M'Kay had returned to the ship, great numbers of the natives came off in their cances to trade, headed by two sons of Weccananiah. As they brought abundance of sea-otter skins, and there was every appearance of a brisk trade, Captain Thorn did not wait for the return of Mr M'Kay, but spread his wares upon

deck, making a tempting display of blankets, cloths, knives, bends, fish-hooks, expecting a prompt and profitable sale. The Indians however, were not so enger and simple as he had supposed having bosoned the art of bargaining and the value of merchandise from the casual traders along the coast. They were quided, too, by a showed old chief named Nockmin, who had grown gray in traffic with New-England shippers, and prided himself upon his actioness. His opinion seemed to regulate the market. When Captain Thorn made what he considered a liberal offer for an otter-skin, the wily old Indian treated it with seven, and asked more than double. His commades all took their one from him and not an otter-skin was to be had at a reasonable rate.

The old fellow, however, evershot his mark, and mistook the character of the man he was treating with. Thorn was a plain straightforward sailor, who never had two minds nor two prices in his dealings, was deficient in patience and pliancy, and totally wanting in the chicanery of traffic. He had a vast deal of stern but honest pride in his nature, and, moreover, held the whole savage race in sovereign contempt.

Abandoning all further attempts, therefore, to bargain with his shuffling customers, he thrust his hands into his pockets and paced up and down the deck in sullen silence. The cunning old Indian followed him to and fro, holding out a sea-otter skin to him at every turn, and pestering him to trade. Finding other means unavailing, he suddenly changed his tone, and began to jeer and banter him upon the mean prices he offered.

This was too much for the patience of the captain, who was never remarkable for relishing a joke, especially when at his own expense. Turning suddenly upon his persecutor,

he snatched the proffered otter-skin from his hands, rubbed it in his face, and dismissed him over the side of the ship with no very complimentary application to accelerate his exit, he then kicked the peltries to the right and left about the deck, and broke up the market in the most ignominious manner. Old Nookamis made for shore in a furious passion, in which he was joined by Shewish, one of the sons of Weccananish, who went off breathing vengeance, and the ship was soon abandoned by the natives.

When Mr M'Kay returned on board, the interpreter related what had passed, and begged him to prevail upon the captain to make sail, as, from his knowledge of the temper and pride of the people of the place, he was sure they would resent the indignity offered to one of their Mr M'Kay, who himself possessed some experience of Indian character, went to the captain, who was still pacing the deck in moody humour, represented the danger to which his hasty act had exposed the vessel, and urged him to weigh anchor. The captain made light of his counsels, and pointed to his cannon and firearms as a sufficient safeguard against naked savages. Further remonstrances only provoked taunting replies and sharp altercations. The day passed away without any signs of hostility, and at night the captain retired as usual to his cabin, taking no more than the usual precautions.

On the following morning, at daybreak, while the captain and Mr M'Kay were yet asleep, a canoe came alongside in which were twenty Indians, commanded by young Shewish. They were unarmed, their aspect and demeanour friendly, and they held up otter-skins, and made signs indicative of a wish to trade.

The caution enjoined by Mr Astor, in respect to the

The other of the warn now the named, with which is best it was increased with incident. In the many of the manufact with incident of the first and maintained a manufact which are shown we worself armed. Mr Han much the manufact in the manufact warns of the strice but the magnetized warns of many and get manufact warns. He man many the shown of the strice but the magnetized warns of many about the mainter all putting of from shown is length anothered and instrume, and he mineral some of the case to weigh median, while some were sean minth to make with

The Indiana now offered to trade with the expense on his own terms, prompted apparently by the unprombing departure of the ship. Accordingly, a hurried trade was commenced. The main articles sought by the savages in harter were knives. As fast as some were supplied, they mercel off; and others succeeded. By degrees, they were they distributed about the deck, and all with weapons.

The mether was now nearly up; the sails were losse; and the captain, in a loud voice and peremptory tone, endered the ship to be cleared. In an instant, a signal yell was given. It was echoed on every side. Knives and was clube were brandished in every direction, and the savages rushed upon their victims. The first that fell

was Mr Lewis, the ship's clerk. He was leaning, with folded arms, over a bale of blankets, engaged in bargaining, when he received a deadly stab in the back, and fell down the companion-way. Mr M'Kay, who was seated on the taffrail, sprang on his feet, but was instantly knocked down with a war-club, and flung backwards into the sea, where he was despatched by the women in the cances.

In the meantime, Captain Thorn made desperate fight against fearful odds. He was a powerful as well as a resolute man, but he had come upon deck without weapons. Shewish, the young chief, singled him out as his peculiar prey, and rushed upon him at the first outbreak. The captain had barely time to draw a clasp-knife, with one blow of which he laid the young savage dead at Several of the stoutest followers of Shewish now set upon him. He defended himself vigorously. dealing crippling blows to right and left, and strewing the quarter-deck with the slain and wounded. His object was to fight his way to the cabin, where there were firearms; but he was hemmed in with foes, covered with wounds, and faint with loss of blood. For an instant, he leaned upon the tiller-wheel, when a blow from behind with a war-club felled him to the deck, where he was despatched with knives, and thrown overboard.

While this was transacting upon the quarter-deck, a chance-medley fight was going on throughout the ship. The crew fought desperately with knives, handspikes, and whatever weapon they could seize upon in the moment of surprise. They were soon, however, overpowered by numbers, and mercilessly butchered. As to the seven who had been sent aloft to make sail, they contemplated with horror the carnage that was going on below. Being destitute of weapons, they let themselves down by the

remaing-rigging in larges of genting between decks. One fell in the attempt, and was instantily despatched; musther received a death-blow in the back as he was descending; a third, Stephen Weeks, the armount was matchly wounded as he was getting down the hardway. The remaining four made pool their retreat into the cable, where they found Mr Lewis still tire, though matchly wounded. Parricading the cabin-door, they broke holes through the companion-way, and with the musikets and assummation which were at hand, opened a brisk fire that won cleared the deck.

Thus far the Indian interpreter, from whom these particulars are derived, had been an eye-witness of the deadly conflict. He had taken no part in it, and had been spared by the natives as being of their race. In the confusion of the moment, he took refuge with the rest in the canoea. The survivors of the crew now sallied furth and discharged some of the deck-guns, which did great execution among the canoes, and drove all the savages to shore.

For the remainder of the day, no one ventured to put off to the ship, deterred by the effects of the firearms. The night passed away without any further attempt on the part of the natives. When the day dawned, the Tonquin still lay at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, and no one apparently on board of her. After a time, some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoitre, taking with them the interpreter. They paddled about her, keeping cautiously at a distance; but growing more and more emboldened at seeing her quiet and lifeless. One man at length made his appearance on the deck, and was recognised by the interpreter as Mr Lewis. He made friendly signs, and invited them

on board. It was long before they ventured to comply. Those who mounted the deck met with no oppositionno one was to be seen on board; for Mr Lewis, after inviting them, had disappeared. Other canoes now pressed forward to board the prize; the decks were soon crowded, and the sides covered with clambering savages. all intent on plunder. In the midst of their eagerness and exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the mainchains at the time of the explosion, and was thrown unhurt into the water, where he succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement, the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe. ship had disappeared; but the bay was covered with fragments of the wreck, with shattered canoes, and Indians swimming for their lives, or struggling in the agonies of death; while those who had escaped the danger remained aghast and stupified, or made with frantic panic for the shore. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, many more were shockingly mutilated, and for days afterwards the limbs and the bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach.

The inhabitants of Newcetee were overwhelmed with consternation at this astounding calamity, which had burst upon them in the very moment of triumph. The warriors sat mute and mournful, while the women filled the air with loud lamentations. Their weeping and wailing, however, was suddenly changed into yells of fury at the sight of four unfortunate white men brought captive into the village. They had been driven on shore in one of the ship's boats, and taken at some distance along the coast.

The interpreter was permitted to converse with them. They proved to be the four brave fellows who had made such desperate defence from the cabin. The interpreter zathered from them some of the particulars already They told him, further, that after they had beaten off the enemy and cleared the ship. Lewis advised that they should slip the cable and endeavour to get to sea. They declined to take his advice, alleging that the wind set too strongly into the bay, and would drive them on shore. They resolved, as soon as it was dark, to put off quietly in the ship's boat, which they would be able to do unperceived, and to coast along back to Astoria. They put their resolution into effect; but Lewis refused to accompany them, being disabled by his wound, hopeless of escape, and determined on a terrible revenge. On the voyage out, he had repeatedly expressed a presentiment that he should die by his own hands, thinking it highly probable that he should be engaged in some contest with the natives; and being resolved, in case of extremity, to commit suicide rather than be made a prisoner. He now declared his intention to remain on board of the ship until daylight, to decoy as many of the savages on board as possible, then to set fire to the powder-magazine, and terminate his life by a signal ast of vengeance. How well he succeeded has been shown. His companions bade him a melancholy adieu, and set of on their precarious expedition. They strove with might and main to get out of the bay, but found it impossible to weather a point of land, and were at length compelled to take shelter in some small cove, where they hoped to remain concealed until the wind should be more favourable. Exhausted by fatigue and watching, they fell into a sound sleep, and in that state were surprised by the savages.

Better had it been for those unfortunate men had they remained with Lewis, and shared his heroic death. As it was, they perished in a more painful and protracted manner, being sacrificed by the natives to the manes of their friends with all the lingering tortures of savage cruelty. Some time after their death, the interpreter, who had remained a kind of prisoner at large, effected his escape, and brought the tragical tidings to Astoria.

Such is the melancholy story of the *Tonquin*, and such was the fate of her brave but headstrong commander and adventurous crew. It is a catastrophe that shews the importance, in all enterprises of moment, to keep in mind the general instructions of the sagacious heads which devise them.

Mr Astor was well aware of the perils to which ships were exposed on this coast from quarrels with the natives, and from perfidious attempts of the latter to surprise and capture them in unguarded moments. He had repeatedly enjoined it upon Captain Thorn in conversation, and, at parting, in his letter of instructions, to be courteous and kind in his dealings with the savages, but by no means to confide in their apparent friendship, nor to admit more than a few on board of his ship at a time. deportment of Captain Thorn been properly regulated, the insult, so wounding to savage pride, would never have been given; had he enforced the rule to admit but a few at a time, the savages would not have been able to get the mastery. He was too irritable, however, to practise the necessary self-command; and, having been nurtured in a proud contempt of danger, thought it beneath him to manifest any fear of a crew of unarmed savages. Hence the melancholy result.

#### THE BLUE AND WHITE FLOWER-POT.

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw-hat over his eyes (it was summer), and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs.

'Dear, dear!' cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; 'my poor flower-pot that I prized so much! Who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!'

Mrs Primmins popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

'Oh,' said my mother, mournfully, 'I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May; I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr Caxton bought for me my last birthday! that naughty child must have done this!'

Mrs Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative social persons are usually afraid of very silent shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly: 'No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy, it was I!'

'You; how could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. Oh, Primmins!'

Primmins began to sob.

'Don't tell fibs, nursy,' said a small shrill voice: and

I, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly, 'don't scold Primmins, mamma; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot.'

'Hush!' said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast at my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake.

'Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it. Did you, Master Sisty? Speak!' this in a whisper, 'or pa will be so angry.'

'Well,' said my mother, 'I suppose it was an accident: take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret.'

'No, mamma, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose.'

'Ha, and why?' said my father, walking up.

Mrs Primmins trembled like a leaf.

'For fun!' said I, hanging my head; 'just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it. Now, beat me—do beat me!'

My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. 'Boy,' he said, 'you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear.'

The box of dominoes was my delight.

'Ah!' said my father, one day when he found me playing with it in the parlour. 'Ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?'

'Ah, yes, papa.'

'You would be very sorry if your mamma were to

throw that box out of the window and break it for fun.' I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer. 'But, perhaps, you would be very glad,' he resumed, 'if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of would change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue and white flower-pot, and that you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill.'

'Indeed I would,' said I, half crying.

'My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions.'

So saying, he shut the door and went out; I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant. . . . .

The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he paused, and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily.

- 'My boy,' said he, 'I am going to walk to L——, will you come? And, by-the-by, fetch your domino-box; I should like to shew it to a person there.' I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the high-road, we set out.
  - 'Papa,' said I by the way, 'there are no fairies now.'
  - 'What then, my child?'
- 'Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into a geranium and a blue and white flower-pot?'
- 'My dear,' said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, 'everybody who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him—one here,' and he touched my forehead; 'one here,' and he touched my heart.
  - 'I don't understand, papa.'
  - 'I can wait till you do, my boy.'

Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

- 'It is his doing and his money!' said my father; 'good actions have mended the bad.'
- 'What!' cried my mother, when she had learned all; 'and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of. We shall go to-morrow and buy it back if it costs us double.'
  - 'Shall we buy it back, my boy?' asked my father.
- 'O no—no—no—it would spoil it all!' I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.
- 'My wife,' said my father, solemnly, 'this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity and happiness of self-sacrifice—undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour.'

# CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

1.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

2.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

3

Who envies none that chance doth misse Or vice; who never understood. How deepest wounds are given by praise; Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

4

Who hath his life from rumours freed.

Whose conscience is his strong retreat;

Whose state can neither flatterers feed,

Nor ruin make accusers great;

ā.

Who God doth late and early pray

More of His grace than gifts to lend;

And entertains the harmless day

With a well-chosen book or friend.

6

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

# THE DISCONTENTED FARMER.

Antony Crutcheley, the farmer, was standing in front of his house, looking at the thatched roof with a troubled air.

'There is the moss covering it all again already,' he murmured; 'it will be green all over, and the granaries will be as damp as so many cellars; but the townsfolk think anything good enough for the country people.'

'Who do you mean by the townsfolk, my good friend?' asked a voice behind him.

The farmer turned his head sharply, and found himself face to face with his landlord, Mr Ferrers, who had just arrived, and had overheard his remark. He greeted him in rather an awkward manner.

- 'I did not know you were there, sir,' he said, without answering his question.
- 'But you were thinking of me—is it not so?' replied Mr Ferrers smiling; 'I see you will be always the same, my poor Antony, seeing nothing on the rosebush but its thorns, and nothing in life but its troubles.'

Antony shook his head.

- 'It is easy for the rich to talk,' he said sullenly; 'you can do what you please.'
- 'Because it pleases me only to do what I am able,' replied the squire; 'but to be content with that state of life to which you are called is a rule of conduct which seems to have been left out of your catechism.'
- 'A good lease would do me more good,' replied the farmer; 'we poor people, who have only our wishes, and no means of satisfying them, ought not to be judged too harshly. It seems to me not a very great thing to ask for a roof that would let the water run off it, and not attract all kinds of vermin, like this abominable thatch.'
  - 'That is to say, that you still wish for a slate roof.'
- 'So much, that if I had the means I would do it at my own expense, and I should be a gainer by it, for my house would be more healthy, and my wheat better protected.'
- 'But you, my good friend, would you be more contented?'
  - 'I would never ask for anything else,' said the farmer.
  - 'Then I should have a quiet time of it,' said Mr

Person Antioning I note in I as a make the will be interested by the I will see I there a may was I account out. For small most interest made and interested by the interested

Antony, surprised it has meaning the same benieved his bandoni with much positively and its same as he was joined when to talk his bandy the good large.

To ment past if the lay in examining the consequences of this remainement in the ment desires the new appearance it would give to the imminuse. The improvement if the granames would be a real advantage; but Antony soon perceived that by missing the walls a little, they might be made iculary communities. This discovery completely thanged the arrent of his thoughts. He deemed of nothing but the profit such in improvement would being him. Without this, the new realing was a change of no consequence; things might as well be last as they were:

Here, then, was our larmer failen back into his dark mood, and bitterly deploring the want of money which always stopped him in carrying out all his plans. As he was obliged to go to Mr Ferrers to pay his rent the winter observed his anxious mien, and asked the cause. After some hesitation, Antony confessed his new desire.

'It is not that I ask it, sir,' he continued; 'it is quite snumph to have promised me a slate roof; there was no obligation to do even that; poor people have only a right to what is due to them.'

'And that right they have in common with rich pumple,' said Mr Ferrers; 'but I see it is difficult to save you of your discontent—one desire accomplished

only gives birth to a second. However, I will try to cure you; we will raise the walls of the granary.'

This time the farmer declared his only wish was granted, and returned gaily to his farm.

Some days after, a builder was sent by Mr Ferrers to look at the work to be done. Antony asked him, in the course of conversation, what would be done with the old wood-work.

- 'Nothing, I suppose,' said the builder; 'it is not very strong, and, at most, would only serve for a grange.'
  - 'And ours happens to be too small,' said the farmer.
  - 'Have you any room for a larger?'
- 'Yes, close by the stable-door, by taking a bit off the garden. Come this way—I will shew you.'

They went to look at the ground, which the builder found admirably adapted for a new building. He pointed out to Antony all the advantages that would arise if the stables were enlarged, and a tank made for manure. Antony adopted the scheme with enthusiasm; it would be a means of completing the improvements begun, and of making the farm superior to any in the neighbourhood; while, at the same time, the old wood-work would be made use of. Without this additional expense, the improvements undertaken would not give returns proportioned to the outlay, and Mr Ferrers ought to adopt them for his own sake.

But Antony added that he dared not ask him.

- 'I should be told that I was never satisfied,' said he; 'it would not be understood that what I ask is as much for the good of the farm as for my own profit. If I had the means I would soon do it, without asking anybody; but poor people must just be content to wish a thing.'
  - 'Don't put yourself about,' said the builder, who

therein a impossible to make money for any other pure so than incline. I will speak to the squire, and he is sure to it in

Antitary one transport and the residue to know the meak as soon as possible.

Left which is turned the further's projects in his own mind and martitled his will provide. In the end it was been to him that it has was proposed was quit milispensable—I be had not asked no it become, it was because he have no complain for Mr Forcers would be both hard and impast to refree him.

However, several laws passed, and he heard nothing of the builder. The suspense was insufferable. He went to the village, some fistance from his farm, in which the builder lived, but he sould not find him. He returned still more fisquieted. From all appearances. Mr Ferres had refused: he would no langer microtree on the enlargement of his premises: he must still make shift, and his chance if wealth was give for want of a little money of his own, or a little good-will in the part of others.

Antony had given himself up to these bitter reflections, when he heard some one calling him. It was the builder, who had just spied him from the top of a scaffolding where he was overlooking his workmen.

- 'Well, the business is settled. Master Antony,' he shouted.
  - 'What business!' asked the farmer, who dared not guess.
  - 'What business :--why, the grange and the stable.'
  - 'The squire consents!'
  - 'We are to begin it next month.'
- 'Come and take a glass with me, and tell me all about it,' cried Antony delighted.

The master-builder descended from the scaffolding, and

joined Antony at the inn, where he told him that his landlord had laughed without making any objection, and had asked the builder for a minute estimate of all the changes to be made.

Antony went back to the farm quite reassured. his arrival he went once more to visit the spot destined for the new buildings. The former entrance being no longer of use, a way must be made across the garden; there was a hedge to cut down and a ditch to fill up. resolved to do it at his own cost, without saying anything to Mr Ferrers. But this arrangement would deprive him of a part of the little garden, already reduced by the construction of the manure-tank; this would be a loss to him, and his landlord could not refuse him some compensation. There was a piece of land unoccupied just across the road; Antony thought he might lay claim to it as a compensation. He consequently went to Mr Ferrers, under pretence of knowing when the alterations were to be begun.

- 'Well, Master Antony,' said the squire on seeing him, 'I hope you are satisfied?'
- 'Poor people have no right to complain as long as they have bread to eat,' replied the farmer.
- 'A precept of most Christian resignation,' replied Mr Ferrers. 'But it seems to me, my friend, that you have other causes for satisfaction; have I not granted all you have asked, including new farm-buildings?'
- 'I am much obliged to you, sir,' said the farmer coldly; 'but you are aware that labourers live by tilling the soil; and when you deprive them of any portion of it, it is like taking a morsel of their bread!'
- 'And who is going to deprive you of it?' asked Mr Ferrers.

Excuse the liberty I take.' said Antony, a little embarrassed; but your new grange, sir, and the road up to it, will take away a part of the garden. I am not given to complaining; but if you would allow me to cultivate the little slip of ground opposite our farm, that would give us compensation.'

'Ah! very good,' said Mr Ferrers, looking at the farmer; 'it seems to me that this little slip of ground is about an acre!'

'I cannot say,' said Antony, looking very innocent;
'I never measured it; but it is something to poor people
like us, while it is nothing to the master.'

'Listen to me a moment,' said the squire. 'You must make a calculation, my friend. Here is an estimate of all vou have asked from me; it amounts to nearly eightyfive pounds. Adding the acre of ground, it will be a hundred and twenty-five pounds that have been spent to satisfy your desires, in less than a month! According to this calculation, it would be necessary, in order to satisfy a poor man like you, Master Antony, to have forty thousand a year, and I have only half that sum. Even then, you would not be happy; for, since I promised you a new roof, you have gone on from one wish to another, always discontented and complaining. You see, then, wealth cannot satisfy a man who cannot content himself with what he has. The happiness you run after, you will never find, my friend; it lies neither in wealth nor in power, nor in anything outside our lives-the Almighty has put it within our reach: He has put it in ourselves!'

## GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A True Story.

1:.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter? What is't that ails young Harry Gill, That evermore his teeth they chatter, Chatter, chatter, chatter still? Of waistcoats Harry has no lack, Good duffle gray, and flannel fine; He has a blanket on his back, And coats enough to smother nine.

2

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

3. •

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill-fed she was and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

4.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

5.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

o

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

7.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.

Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

8.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

9.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected—
That he on her would vengeance take;
And off from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

10.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again —on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

11.

Right glad was he when he beheld her;
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take:
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

12

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried: 'I've caught you then at last!'
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall,
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the Judge of all.

13

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
'God, Who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!'
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

14.

He went complaining all the morrow

That he was cold and very chill:

His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,

Alas! that day for Harry Gill!

That day he wore a riding-coat, But not a whit the warmer he: Another was on Thursday bought; And ere the Sabbath he had three.

15.

Twas all in vain, a useless matter, And blankets were about him pinned; Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter. Like a loose casement in the wind. And Harry's flesh it fell away; And all who see him say 'tis plain, That live as long as live he may. He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters. Abed or up, to young or old; But ever to himself he mutters: 'Poor Harry Gill is very cold!' Abed or up, by night or day, His teeth they chatter, chatter still. Now think, ye farmers all, I pray, Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

# THE WOLF ON HIS DEATHBED.

A wolf lay in the struggle of death, and cast an inquiring glance over his past life. 'Certainly I am a sinner,' said he; 'but I hope not one of the worst kind. I have indeed done some evil deeds, but also a great deal of good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock, came so close to me that I could easily have killed it, and still I did it no harm. At this very time, I listened to the abuse and mockery of a sheep with the most admirable indifference, although I had no need to dread protecting dogs.' 'And I can bear witness to all that,' interrupted his friend, the fox, who was helping to prepare him for death. 'I remember every circumstance connected with it. It was at the very time when you were so choked with the bone that the good-natured crane afterwards pulled out of your throat.'

#### THE SHEPHERD AND THE PRINCE.

Not far from Germany lies Switzerland, a small country, but well known in the history of nations. are the hills there, and they seem to wish to conceal the eternal spring of Italy from the rest of Europe. But, notwithstanding this threatening look, and in spite of the cover of snow which, year after year, clothes them in a wintry dress, there are delightful valleys in their bosom, that give you an idea of the glories beyond. In one of these hidden valleys there stood, in olden times, an ancient castle on rocky ground, near to a lake. meadows and hills were all around, shady woods and sunny Alps far and near-only the old castle looked gloomily and sadly into the green mirror of the lake; and when the wanderer had rejoiced his eye by the gay flowers of the field and the silvery light of the playing waves, and his glance wandered from the little paradise to the gloomy castle, he felt timid and uncomfortable at heart.

A shepherd-boy, who belonged to the neighbouring

district, had chosen the declivity that ran opposite the castle down to the lake, as a pasture-ground for his Day after day, during the fine season of the year, flock. he sat on a rock that projected over the water, and made baskets, mats, and cages; often he played sweet airs upon his flute, while his lambs enjoyed the juicy herbs of the Alps. When the sounds of the shepherd's flute resounded so sweetly along the lonely shore, and the silence carried them to the opposite bank, a little window in the old castle was opened, and a pale but pleasant face looked out towards the shepherd-boy until twilight came, and the little musician drove his flock homeward. But with the morning dawn he appeared again, and he was glad, when he saw the pale face of a boy at the window, listening with pleasure to the sounds. 'Who can the poor fellow be?' thought the good young shepherd; 'why can they have locked him into that ugly castle, for he must be locked in, or he would come out to me in the open air?'

With these thoughts in his mind, he wandered along the shore towards the castle, and he nodded to the boy with the black curls at the window. But beautiful as the songs were, kind words though he gave, and though he beckoned with all his heart, everything was in vain. The inhabitant of the castle shook his head sadly, and shrugged his shoulders, but he would not come.

'I must see what it is,' cried Jery—that was the shepherd's name—and wandered on to the castle. His lambs had followed him; but he whistled to his faithful dog, and desired him to guard the sheep carefully until his return. He wagged his tail obediently, for he understood every word of his master's, and collected the flock to drive them back to their grazing-place.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY WINE THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

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The men were moved to nine they led a commit treppiner; and at last they led lery in a his unknown friend, who received him in a splendid room. The widow waise, the markle floor, the many splendius which deep now here for the first time, made him silent, we that he removely returned the friendliness of the intuitional of the contle.

' (1906) he salessid, said he, 'and give me your hand; your worth have given me much pleasure already, and I have great ment of some.'

'You cannot be in want of pleasure,' replied Jery courageously, 'for here it is really too beautiful. But who are you?'

'I am an unhappy prince, who has been robbed of his inheritance by a wicked man. That I might not be able to harm him, he has sent me hither, far, far from my native land. Ah, my fatherland! It lies opposite those high ice mountains, and is called Naples. There, it is never winter, and here I am often so cold! But I have said enough about myself. Come, my new young friend. I will now give you as much pleasure for your pleasant music as I can.'

The prince took Jery by the hand, and led him up and down through a row of rooms. One was still more splendid than the other. They were glittering with gold and silver, purple hangings, gay carpets, silken couches, and crystal candlesticks; everything was to be found here. The most costly things were put up in every room, the most beautiful singing-birds in glittering cages, the most wonderful pictures, rare toys, tempting fruits in golden dishes, adorned this dwelling of joy, and Jery clasped his hands together with wonder, and thought to himself in secret: 'How delightful it would be to live in this castle!' A hundred times he wished himself in the place of the prince, and he could not understand how he could feel sorrowful, when nothing was wanting in this splendid abundance.

With jests and play the hours passed by quickly and unnoticed, till late evening approached, and the prince, although unwillingly, had to remind his friend that they must part. With aching heart Jery prepared to leave the charming place and his delightful playfellow, and went, after promising many times to return. The

entiness were turn the rounts, and what in meaning the part that he must now say with the pence, and would never be allowed in leaves the cash again.

Vin कार विकास प्रोतास्था प्राप्त स्थाप प्राप्त के किया प्राप्त के किया प्राप्त के किया प्राप्त के किया प्राप्त than the prince who now had a companion. willing to since his lot with pleasure, and discuss that some and former friends, for this new manie of life! Cames, saries, sincs, mil the sweet meaning of the fire shotsened the lays, and many of them had many before discontent and miness came into Jery's heart. The lot. wire ind niways been so lively better our more for hours in a owner, while the prince sat in another to largers the sorrow of his friend. A nameless longing had taken someonica of the sheoheri-ocy home sickness a decise for treatem robbed him of his rest. In vain he rolled about on his silken cushions: in vain he tried to be pleased with the glittering toys. Sleep fled from his bed; the toys became disgusting in his sight; the food in the golden dishes made him sick, as well as the wine in the crystal cup. The song of the birds was tiresome; the funny chattering of the parrots he thought absurd; even his flute he would no longer touch, and when he went to the window, looked out into the blue sky, and his glance fell upon the sunny fields or the green surface of the lake, tears came into his eyes. Weeping, he fled from the room: but the noise of arms at the gate reminded him that he was a prisoner in the fortress. The prince commoled him as well as he could, but he could not silence his longing for home.

It happened that the prince fell asleep one aftermon on his couch, and Jery went to the window once more to cry. Behold! he fancied he saw his flocks grazing on the other side of the lake, and his faithful dog seemed to look at him, and wagged his tail, as if he wished to call his master over to him. It went to the boy's heart, and some voice within him cried: 'Flee, flee quickly! This is the moment, or never!' He yielded to the feeling, and hastened to the door of the room. he thought of his young friend: to leave him was hard. He would see him once more. He went over to his couch. The prince seemed sound asleep; but when Jery bent down to him, to listen to his breathing, he became terrified, for his heart was no longer beating, no breath heaved his breast; a sweet death had delivered him gently from his sorrows. Jery rushed into the passage to cry for help, but the court was empty, the gate of the castle was open, and the sentinels had fallen asleep from the sultry heat. The moment was favourable. more farewell to the departed friend, a short prayer to his Father in heaven, and the shepherd-boy stole safely past the soldiers out of the castle.

With hasty steps he had soon reached the spot where the faithful dog watched the flock intrusted to his care, though his poor fare had made him lean. The lambs and their four-footed protector received their long wished-for master with the greatest joy; and full of delight to have escaped the prison, Jery commenced a merry mountainlay. But the prince no longer leaned from the window to listen, and fresh tears to his memory interrupted the shepherd's song. The fresh evening breeze, the murmuring of the lake, and the joyful advances of his flock gave him the purest delight. Once more he saluted the gray castle, in which he had spent few happy and many evil hours, and he drove his sheep across the mountain to his home.

His breast grew light, as he breathed the fragrant flowers and the pure air; and as he went through the evening landscape, glowing in rosy light, and from afar beheld the modest thatched-roof of his father's cottage, he shouted aloud with joy; and driving his flock to quicker pace by the sound of his flute, he cried: 'Welcome, my father's roof! welcome, valley of my home! How gladly I have left the costly palace to return to thee! Here I find no gold or silver, or precious stones; but free from bars, no longer threatened by the swords of cruel watchmen, I shall enjoy calm peace—I shall be poor but I shall be happy.'

#### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

1.

One morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter-time),
A woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime:
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

o

The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair:
She begged an alms like one in poor estate;
I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

3

When from those lofty thoughts I woke,
'What is it,' said I, 'that you bear
Beneath the covert of your cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air?'
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
'A simple burthen, sir, a little singing-bird.'

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4.

And, thus continuing, she said:

'I had a son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away:
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught that he had owned might still remain for me.

Б.

'The bird and cage, they both were his:

'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim

He kept it: many voyages

The singing-bird had gone with him;

When last he sailed, he left the bird behind;

From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.'

## JUVENILE MECHANICS.

An active clever lad in the country never need feel dull—never experience that miserable sensation of wanting something to do. The objects of attraction, of employment, and amusement, that I have already mentioned, would be enough to prevent that; but if a lad has a turn for mechanical inventions and labours, there is another vast and inexhaustible source of pleasure open

to him. I remember, though I never was a very r ical fellow, the pleasure I used to enjoy build saw-mills, in making shoe-heel bricks, in watch operations of the various village tradesmen, erecting our rabbit-cotes and dove-cotes. too, the delight with which I used to erect wate Wherever I found a little descent—a good spout or in the brook or the ditches—there I set down two sticks, got an old tin bottom, and cutting nicks all the circumference, turned one piece one way. a next another; thus alternating them all round, so form a broad surface for the water to play upon. centre of this mill-wheel, I then punched a ho putting another stick through for an axle, laid it the two forked sticks; and the stream spouting u kept it spinning and fizzing and spurting the water gloriously. These mills I used to visit occasion see that all was right; and there they were spinnin for weeks and months together.

But a really clever lad, with a mechanical tu only gathers present pleasure, but lays up a good really valuable knowledge. The simple and pats state of society in old-fashioned villages and small allows him to go and see all that is going on. He was the different artisans at their labours, and makes amongst them; so that he can go and hammer a and file to his heart's content. It is true, that me higher kinds of mechanical operations may be a large towns and cities, but then a boy has rarely the easy access to them, nor can he be suffered to go at the workmen with the same confidence that he welcome, and that he will not be in the way communication.

Charles Botham, a young relative of mine, who lived in a small town in Staffordshire, was the most perfect example of what enjoyment and advantage a boy may derive from mechanical amusements that I ever knew. He was a fine active lad, of a frank and intelligent disposition, that made him an universal favourite. He was quite at home in the yards and shops of ropemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, watchmakers, turners, and I know not how many trades besides. When he was a little lad of not more than four years old, he used to sit on the hearth-rug of an evening, or of a winter's day, cutting little logs of wood with his knife into wind-mills, boats, and ships. The boats and ships that he made from that time till he was grown quite a youth-some of which still remain-were acknowledged by every one to be admirable. Some were made before he had ever seen a real ship, from pictures of them; and, though not so correct as they otherwise would have been, were very surprising. When he had actually seen ships, and become familiar with all the parts of them, he constructed some which were more correct, even to the smallest piece of rope, so that the most experienced seaman could not detect a single error. One of these ships we have now in our possession—a very beautiful thing.

But ships were only one kind of his mechanical productions. Whatever he wanted for his own amusements, he made with the utmost ease. His fishing-rods were of his own making, even to the iron-ferrules; his lines were of his own making too. Having got some silk from his mother, he ran off to the rope-yard, and soon came back with beautiful lines of his own twisting. He made his own little wheel-barrows, garden-rake, and other tools. At the joiner's, he made all kinds of little boxes for his

mother and sisters; at the shoemaker's, he learned to make shoes; at the watchmaker's, he learned to make an actual clock of wood; and then, from a drawing in an encyclopædia, proceeded to construct, with the utmost accuracy, a perambulator—an instrument to measure distances.

When a very little fellow, if he got a surcemet roller from a draper, he would cut it into short lengths, and carve it with his knife into little wind-mills of the most perfect construction. They were not such mills as rise in a regular cone from the base, but of that kind which are built of wood, and stand upon a stout pillar and frame on which they are turned to the wind as it may vary. They had their sails, doors, window-holes and steps. constructed with the nicest accuracy. He used to make for the kitchen spill-boards, rolling-pins, towel-rollers. toasting-forks; and could work in wire, of which he made two beautiful bird-cages. When he was ten or twelve years of age, I first became acquainted with him; and then he had his own little shop over the stable, with his turning-lathe and tools of all sorts; and he never was so happy as when he found out that he could make anything for you. A screw nutcrack, a wafer-seal, tobaccostopper, a snuff-box, a set of nine-pins, anything, he was ready to make for his different acquaintances. Going on a visit to a relative of his, who was a large farmer, he set to work and mended up rakes, forks, flails, gates, posts, rails, the paling of the garden—everything, in fact, that wanted doing. If a lock was out of order, he soon had it off, and put to rights; in short, there was no mechanical job that he was not master of, and could not quickly accomplish, to the astonishment of the family. been thrown, like Robinson Crusoe, on an uninhabited island, he would have speedily out-Crusoed Crusoe himself, and surrounded himself with protection from the elements, and domestic comforts. To such a lad as this, it is astonishing how all odds and ends of things become treasures—nothing is lost; bits of wood, scraps of leather, tin, iron, old nails, screws, &c., are hoarded up, and turn, in his hands, into things of account. This fine lad had a box full of old watch-springs, bits of chain, hooks, buttons, wires—anything and everything—which were of essential use at the right season.

### SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

1.

I left my love in England,
In poverty and pain,
The tears hung heavy in my eyes,
But hers came down like rain!
I gave her half of all I had,
Repressed the rising sigh,
For, thinking of the days to come,
I kept my courage high.
'Oh, farewell!' I said; 'if seasons pass,
And sunshine follows rain,
And morning dawns on darkest night,
You'll see me back again.'

I left my love in England,
And sailed the stormy sea,
To earn my bread by daily toil,

An honest man and free.

I wrought and strove from morn to night,
And saved my little store,
And every summer gave me wealth,
And made the little more.
Oh! at length I bought the field I ploughed,
The sunshine followed rain,
The morning dawned on that dark night,
And I went back again.

3.

I sought my love in England,
And brought her o'er the sea;
A happy man, a happy wife,
To bless my home and me.
My farm is large, my wants are small,
I bid my care depart,
And sit beneath my own oak-tree,
With proud, yet grateful heart.
Oh! the children smiling round the board
Ne'er asked for bread in vain:
The day has dawned upon the night,
The sun has followed rain.

# THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING A DOG.

There is, in the first place, the extremely agreeable state into which one is every now and then put by personal contact with the dog, whose kindness, leading him to a very familiar intercourse, causes your clothes to be sometimes embroidered in the herring-bone fashion with his

hairs, and sometimes curiously marked with the impressions of his soiled paws. It is also very pleasant, if he is a water-dog, to be occasionally besprinkled with the contents of his shaggy coat, as he shakes himself convulsively by your side on coming out of his favourite element. How interesting, too, when the poor animal, in the spirit of sincere friendship, comes up unexpectedly, and thrusts a nose as cold as his heart is warm into your half-closed hand, as it hangs beside your chair! There are some people who, at first, start under this application; but habit soon reconciles them to it, as it proverbially will to anything. We shall suppose the dog to be well-bred for domestic existence on the more important points. is generally considered desirable. But still enough of nature will be apt to remain about him, to remind the company from time to time, in the most agreeable manner, that a dog is, after all, still a dog.

The love that man or woman bears to dog is honourable to man or woman; but the course of this love, like that of the much-berhymed passion which man and woman bear for each other, is one which I have never found from tale or history, or any sort of experience or observation, to run smooth. Love, in all its shapes, implies sacrifices. Much must be conceded, much endured, if we would love. It is so eminently with respect to dogs. You may love your dog; but, unhappily, and in despite of the proverb, no other person does. On the contrary, all other people wonder what you can see in the animal to regard it so tenderly; and whenever an opportunity occurs, they will not be averse from letting it feel how much they despise Many a secret kick and tread on toes and loathe it. does the poor creature get from friend and servant; many a time is he defrauded of his due aliment down stairs.

Trifles light as air are brought to his door as great offences, and often is he accused of things of which he is entirely Rarely, indeed, does he experience either justice or kindness from anybody but yourself. The ver neighbours are in a conspiracy against him. If he but howls a little in the courtyard or street by night merely following his poetical propensity for baying the moonthen have you civil-angry messages sent in next morning on all hands, remonstrating against what they spitefully call If, in the merest good-nature, he lears the annoyance. up upon a nurse-maid, as she parades the street with her interesting charge in the forenoon, then, as soon as pers comes home to dinner, may you look for a peremptory note from that gentleman, representing the fact in the most alarming light (the maid having exaggerated it to mamma, and mamma having, in her turn, exaggerated it to papa), and demanding no less than that your innocent favourite shall be chained up a prisoner for life, as otherwise, the complainant will feel it necessary, 'for the sake of his family,' to take legal steps. The police authorities, too, are serious enemies to dogs. Every summer they take it into their heads that the creatures are on the point of turning mad, and out comes an order commanding that every one of them shall be muzzled, under pain of being apprehended and poisoned. This is nothing, of course, but an emanation of that spite which all men bear towards all dogs which do not belong to themselves.

The inconveniences entailed upon you by your affection are particularly felt when you and your dog take a walk. In the course of your stroll, you come to a pleasant garden or park open to the public, and which you therefore enter; but, lo! immediately within the gate, you behold the malicious placard: "No Dogs Admitted—All found

within the enclosures will be shot.' You have therefore either to deny yourself the pleasure of walking over the grounds, on which you had set your heart, or to resolve upon having it under the risk of the destruction of your Choosing the safer course, you pursue vour walk, and your dog being young and excursive, he is every moment over the enclosures at one side of the road or the other, and scouring through the adjacent fields, where, should he find a flock of sheep, he is instantly in the midst of them, barking like mad. The sheep disperse in consternation; the dog pursues; and the shepherd, after a frenzied endeavour to protect his charge, comes up breathing fire and darts at you, as if you were to blame. Some cursory remarks are made on both sides, and you are glad in the end if you can get yourself and dog away without a bodily collision of some kind with the incensed barbarian. As you go along, Roger meets many others of his own species, belonging to other gentlemen who are taking walks. With some, he is very friendly, and all passes off agreeably. In other cases, he and the other quadruped, being much about a size, and feeling some instinctive mutual hatred, draw up opposite to each other two yards off, look suspiciously and angrily for a minute, then declining a little each to a different side, go stiffly past each other, keeping their bodies as straight onward as possible, each murmuring exactly the same amount of wrath and defiance, each looking by the tail of his eye at the other with exactly the same glare of deadly enmity, and then pass on at an exactly corresponding pace, till, reaching two hillocks about a hundred yards apart, they let each other know, by a subdued bark and an intense scraping of the earth, that, if it had not been more for one thing than another, each would have

respectively put an end to his opponent for ever. It is well when they content themselves thus; but sometimes a worry will take place. Then, seeing the beloved of your heart in the death-gripes with another dog evidently large enough to devour him, you rush to the rescue; the other gentleman, under the same feelings, does the same. Having, fortunately, a stick, you commence using it with all your force and strength on the back of the other gentleman's dog; the other gentleman, having an umbrella, immediately begins to use it with all his force and strength in belabouring Roger. Over they go, over and over in the mud, tearing each other like wild-cats, and still, whenever an opportunity occurs, you insinuate a thwack upon the head or rump of the other gentleman's dog; the other gentleman, in like manner, putting in a lick whenever he can upon Roger. This goes on like a whirlwind for a minute or two, you and the other gentleman looking all the while like two blacksmiths alternating their strokes on the anvil, but far too eagerly engaged upon the dogs ever to think for a moment of each other. At length, poor Roger gets yelpingly and discomfitedly away, and you suddenly find yourself planted right opposite a furious military-looking man, who meets your own wrathful face with one quite as wrathful, and seems. in fact, on the point of commencing a not less envenomed combat with yourself.

- 'Your dog began, sir!'
- 'No, sir; it was yours!'
- 'It was yours, sir. My dog never attacks any one.'
- 'I say it was yours, sir!'

These and such like phrases are exchanged; and it is well if the affair ends by your passing each other much in the same growling, but mutually respectful way, as the dogs in the former case. Do not be surprised, however, if you should find yourself, two mornings after, planted once more opposite to the military-looking man, with a pistol in your hand, he having the like weapon in his; while a friend, far more concerned for your honour than you are yourself, stands a little aside, prepared to say: 'Make ready—present—fire!'

The attendance of your affectionate Roger is apt to be not less troublesome when you go to make a call. Perhaps, with this intention, you leave him at home, or think you are doing so; but the good faithful creature is so attached, and so fond of a walk, that ten to one he is at your heels before you have got to the end of the street. Poor fellow! what can you do but take him with you? The Dorlings are kind friendly people, particularly Mrs Dorling: they will not take it amiss if I bring in honest Roger. So to the door of the Dorlings you go, and finding Mrs D. at home, you are ushered into the drawing-room. To do you justice, you would not have allowed Roger to come in with you if the day had been wet, and the streets dirty; but the day being dry, and the streets clean, you can see no harm he can do. You have altogether forgotten that Mrs Dorling keeps a cat-a favourite Tom, almost as large as Roger himself, and who always sits on the hearth-rug, an object of great veneration to the family. and the wonder of visitors. The moment, then, that you enter the room, Roger and Tom become mutually aware of each other's presence. Tom gets up his back and his tail, jumps upon the sofa, and spits and screams like one possessed. Roger, good innocent creature, makes no manifestation of hostility whatever; but Mrs Dorling is, nevertheless, alarmed in the extremest degree, and,

in her frenzied fear, gets upon the sofa also, and making an adroit use of her nether-garments, smothers up Tom under a shield more manifold than that of Aix. deliriously shouting and crying at the same time to you to take away that frightful monster. You instantly seize Roger, and, taking him down stairs-poor fellow. he goes as meekly as a lamb!—you put him gently out at the door, and return by yourself to apologise for the disturbance. Mrs Dorling, a really kind and friendly woman, receives your apologies with a rueful suevity. which marks only too truly how much she has been discomposed, and for some minutes Tom gets much more of her conversation than you. At length, all irritation is smoothed away, and the conversation begins to get into a pleasant strain, when you begin, through the subsiding storm, to hear an impetuous scratching at the outer door, accompanied by a short impatient yelp and whine, such being the mode which worthy Roger has adopted of making the inmates aware that he regrets being separated from his master. Mrs Dorling evidently has heard it too, and a shade of anxiety passes over her face, which you have no difficulty in tracing to a freshly-laid coat of mahogany colour, which you remember observing on the door between the ringing of the bell and the coming of the servant, and which you thought remarkably well executed. You instantly, of course, descend again, and getting Roger confined in an outhouse or cellar, think you have at length secured But scarcely has the conversation been well resumed, when you hear such a burst of yelping and howling as might awake the dead; this being the remonstrance which the affectionate creature thinks proper to make against your cruelty in locking him up. You

now see the day is against you. Off you must go, to relieve Roger from his confinement, and Mrs Dorling from an annoyance such as even her good-nature can scarcely speak of in civil terms.

Dogs are but dogs, and it is canine as well as human to err. Roger was originally a good moral dog, or at the utmost never was known in his early days to steal more than a bone. But keeping bad company is ruinous to both quadrupeds and bipeds. He has the misfortune to become acquainted with a dog of rather wild character in the neighbouring street, and begins to be a good deal out at night. You are at first in no fear for his youthful innocence, but by and by you apprehend that all is not right. You observe that, in the mornings, after any of his nocturnal rambles, he has a remarkably worn-out debauched look, and is not so ready for his walk on those forenoons as usual. You fear he is a misled dog, but you cannot imagine in what way he has been misled. At length, some fine morning, the awful fact comes out. Roger is discovered to have acquired from his wicked companion an unhappy tendency to chase and worry the sheep in a neighbouring park. He and his companion were this morning detected at their unhallowed sport, with eight dead sheep strewed around them, and other two just expiring in their hands. Being marked and recognised as your dog, and traced home to his quarters, there can be no doubt of his guilt. You are of course expected to pay for the ten sheep worried this morning, as well as for all those which have been worried during the past two months; and you are further called upon to surrender him as a malefactor, that the laws of his country may be executed upon him. It is vain to remonstrate. It is clear he is guilty.

Affection has many struggles, and you mission for whose measure in the white friend. Here was it in remove, no alternative. The many you can it is the universals trained it had company to it is proposed in the many rate by larger incommonstry to emerly, but put out of existence it is executed were by the mean of present and a second to execute were it your descript believed known and to existence in the windows of the affections and descript impressed with the marrier of the lattice and, that love and was one time things.

A number of minor evils been the promise hours in includes it at attainment to a one. For example of victamed force one long be kent them where he is I value untilitativity serves intre vactions, and in the with we said they sides upon the lambs ward man & the region does. Nevipenkel garden-grand many under his fest at experience which a confusion with prize if the soil were a clay of the secondary formula, and he an undescribed germs of the Chelonia, has which —the circumstances being as they are—the gardens is apt to take very testily. On one account and another he is solded, complained of, and absolutely ill used even bour of the day; which you naturally feel to be just the same thing as if you were scolded, complained of and absolutely ill used yourself. The sufferings which a non thus endures out of affection for a poor dumb animal, that only can wag its tail in his face and lick his hands coessionally, are altogether quite remarkable. It presents both the affections and the patience of our nature in a striking point of view. Upon a review of the whole case. I feel inclined to say that, if men manifested the same resignation under unavoidable calamities and annoyances

which they exhibit under the self-imposed torture of keeping a dog, they would be more angels than men.

## VOGEL ISLET.

Who was ever happier than Rolf, when abroad in his skiff, on one of the most glorious days of the year? He found his angling tolerably successful near home: but the further he went the more herrings abounded, and he therefore dropped down the fiord with the tide. fishing as he receded, till all home-objects had disappeared. First, the farmhouse, with its surrounding buildings, its green paddock, and shining white beach, was hidden behind the projecting rocks. Then Thor Islet appeared to join with the nearest shore, from which its bushes of stunted birch seemed to spring. Then, as the skiff dropped lower and lower down, the interior mountains appeared to rise above the rocks which closed in the head of the fiord; and the snowy peak of Sulitelma stood up clear amidst the pale blue sky, the glaciers on its sides catching the sunlight on different points, and glittering so that the eve could scarcely endure to rest upon the mountain. When he came to the narrow part of the fiord, near the creek which had been the scene of Erica's exploit, Rolf laid aside his rod, with the bright hook that herrings so much admire, to guide his canoe through the currents caused by the approach of the rocks and contraction of the passage; and he then wished he had brought Erica with him, so lovely was the scene. Every crevice of the rocks, even where there seemed to be no soil, was tufted with bushes, every twig of which

when he maked her we would have special at the section of the state of the section of the sectio

Lower down it was seasonly has beautiful. The waters apread our again to a double width. The nodes were, or appeared to be, lower; and now and then, in some space between nock and nock, a strip of brilliant green needow key open to the sunshine; and these were large docks of helitares, dying round and round, to exercise the newly-fielded young. There were a few habitations scattered along the margin of the fined, and two or three boats might be seen far off, with diminutive figures of men drawing their nets.

'I am glad I brought my net too,' thought Relf.
'My rod has done good duty; but if I am coming upon a shoal, I will cast my net, and be home laden with fish before they think of looking for me.' Happy would it have been if Rolf had cast his net where others were content to fish, and had given up all idea of going further than was necessary; but his boat was still dropping down towards the islet which he had fixed in his own mind as the limit of his trip; and the long solitary reach of the fiord, which now lay between him and it, was tempting both to the eye and the mind. It is difficult to turn back from the first summer-day trip, in countries where summer is less beautiful than in

Nordland; and on went Rolf beyond the bounds of prudence, as many have done before him. He soon found himself in a still and somewhat dreary region, where there was no motion but of the sea-birds, which were leading their broads down the shores of the fiords, and of the air which appeared to quiver before the eye, from the evaporation caused by the heat of the sun. More slowly went the canoe here, as if to suit the quietness of the scene, and leisurely and softly did Rolf cast his net; and then steadily did he draw it in, so rich in fish, that when they lay in the bottom of the boat, they at once sank it deeper in the water, and checked its speed by their weight.

Rolf then rested awhile, and looked ahead for Vogel Islet, thinking that he could not now be very far from There it lay looming in the heated atmosphere, spreading as if in the air, just above the surface of the water, to which it appeared joined in the middle by a dark stem, as if it grew like a huge sea-flower. There is no end to the strange appearances presented in northern climates by an atmosphere so different from our own. Rolf gazed and gazed, as the island grew more like itself on his approach; and he was so occupied with it as not to look about him as he ought to have done, at such a distance from home. He was roused at length by a shout, and looked towards the point from which it came; and there, in a little harbour of the fiord, a recess which now actually lay behind him-between him and homelay a vessel; and that vessel, he knew by a second glance, was the pirate-schooner! Of the schooner itself he had no fear, for there was so little wind that it could not have come out in time to annov him; but there was the schooner's boat with five men in it-four rowing, and one general should in full remain of him. He know, by the general six and native dress of the man at the helm that it was Hund and he dancied he heard Hund's malicies wide in the short which came rushing over the water from their bost to his. How fast they seemed to be coming! How the steay from their cars allitated in the son, and how their wake lengthened with every strekt! No specialor from the shore of there had been and could have doubted that the bost was in reason of the skiff, and would snap it up presently. Rolf saw that he had five determined foes, gaining upon him every instant; and yet he was not alarmed. He had his reasons for thinking himself safe near Vogel Islet; and, calculating for a moment the time of the tide, he was quite at his case. As he took his cars, he smiled at the hot haste of his pursuers, and at the thought of the amazement they would feel when he slipped through their fingers, and then he began to row.

Rolf did not overheat himself with too much exertion; he permitted his foes to gain a little upon him, though he might have preserved the distance for as long as his strength could have held out against that of the men in the other boat. They ceased their shouting when they saw how quietly he took his danger. They really believed that he was not aware of being their object, and hoped to seize him suddenly before he had time to resist.

When very near the islet, however, Rolf became more active, and his skiff disappeared behind its southern point, while the enemy's boat was still two furlongs off. The steersman looked for the reappearance of the cance beyond the islet; but he looked in vain. He thought, and his companions agreed with him, that it was foolish of Rolf to land upon the islet, where they could lay

hands on him in a moment, but they could only suppose that he had done this, and prepared to do the They rowed quite round the islet, but, to their amazement, they could not only perceive no place to land at, but there was no trace of the canoe. It seemed to them as if those calm and clear waters had swallowed up the skiff and Rolf, in a few minutes after they had lost sight of him. Hund thought the case was accounted for when he recalled Nipen's displeasure. A thrill ran through him as he said to himself that the spirits of the region had joined with him against Rolf, and swallowed up, almost before his eyes, the man he hated. He put his hands before his face for a moment, while his comrades stared at him; then thinking he must be under a delusion, he gazed earnestly over the waters as far as he could see. They lay calm and bright, and there was certainly no kind of vessel on their surface for miles The rowers wondered, questioned, uttered shouts, spoke all together, and then looked at Hund in silence. struck by his countenance, and finished by rowing two or three times round the islet, slowly, and looking up its bare rocky sides, which rose like walls from the water. but nothing could they see or hear. When tired of their fruitless search they returned to the schooner, ready to report to the master that the fiord was enchanted.

Meantime, Rolf had heard every splash of their oars, and every tone of their voices, as they rowed round his place of refuge. He was not on the island, but in it. This was such an island as Sween, the Sea-king of former days, took refuge in; and Rolf was only following his example. Long before, he had discovered a curious cleft in the rock, very narrow, and all but invisible at high water, even if a bush of dwarf-ash and birch had not

hung down over it. At high water, nothing larger than a bird could go in and out beneath the low arch; but there was a cavern within, whose sandy floor sloped up to some distance above high-water mark. In this cavern was Rolf. He had thrust his little skiff between the walls of the rock, crushing in its sides as he did so. bushes drooped, hanging naturally over the entrance as before. Rolf pulled up his broken vessel upon the little sandy beach within the cave; saved a pile of his fish, and returned a good many to the water; and then sat down upon the sea-weeds to listen. There was no light but a little which found its way through the bushy screen and up from the green water; and the sounds—the tones of pirates' voices, and the splash of the waters against the rocky walls of his singular prison-came deadened and changed to his ear. Yet he heard enough to be aware how long his enemies remained, and when they were really gone.

It was a prison indeed, as Rolf reflected when he looked upon his broken skiff. He could not imagine how he was to get away; for his friends would certainly never think of coming to look for him here; but he put off the consideration of this point for the present, and turned away from the image of Erica's distress when he should fail to return. He amused himself now with imagining Hund's disappointment, and the reports which would arise from it; and he found this so very entertaining, that he laughed aloud, and then the echo of his laughter sounded so very merry, that it set him laughing again. This, in its turn, seemed to rouse the eider-ducks that thronged the island; and their clatter and commotion was so great overhead, that any spectator might have been excused for believing that Vogel Islet was indeed bewitched.

#### THE WRECK OF THE 'ORPHEUS.'

The Orpheus, a fine new war-ship, with a crew of 256 souls, was lost off the coast of New Zealand on the 7th February 1863. The entrance to the harbour, for which she was bound, was a very dangerous one, and in a few minutes she was a wreck. Only seventy-one of the crew were saved by a steamer, that sent its boats to her aid; the rest, including the officers, who refused to leave the ship before their men, were lost when it broke up. 'All remained at their posts, and did their duty to the last, giving three cheers when the masts went, "as if taking farewell of life." When daylight broke once more, a stump of a mast and a few ribs were all that could be seen of the Orpheus.'

1.

All day, amid the masts and shrouds,
They hung above the wave;
The sky o'erhead was dark with clouds,
And dark beneath, their grave.
The water leaped against its prey,
Breaking with heavy crash,
And when some slack'ning hands gave way,
They fell with dull, low splash.

2

Captain and men, ne'er thought to swerve;
The boats went to and fro;
With cheery face and tranquil nerve,
Each saw his brother go.
Each saw his brother go, and knew
As night came swiftly on,
That less and less his own chance grew—
Night fell, and hope was gone.

3

The saved stood on the steamer's deck,
Straining their eyes to see
Their comrades clinging to the wreck
Upon that surging sea.
And still they gazed into the dark,
Till, on their startled ears,
There came from that swift-sinking bark
A sound of gallant cheers.

4.

Again, and yet again it rose;
Then silence round them fell—
Silence of death—and each man knows
It was a last farewell.
No cry of anguish, no wild shriek
Of men in agony—
No dropping down of watchers weak,
Weary and glad to die;

5.

But death met with three British cheers—
Cheers of immortal fame;
For us the choking, blinding tears—
For them a glorious name.
Oh England, while thy sailor-host
Can live and die like these,
Be thy broad lands or won or lost,
Thou'rt mistress of the seas!

### LIFE OF FLAXMAN.

John Flaxman was a true genius—one of the greatest artists England has yet produced. He was, besides, a person of beautiful character, his life furnishing many salutary lessons for men of all ranks.

Flaxman was the son of a humble seller of plaster-casts in New Street, Covent Garden; and when a child, he was so constant an invalid, that it was his custom to sit behind the shop-counter propped by pillows, amusing himself with drawing and reading. A benevolent clergyman, named Matthews, one day calling at the shop, found the boy trying to read a book; and on inquiring what it was, said that was not the proper book for him to read, but that he would bring him a right one on the morrow: and the kind man was as good as his word. Mr Matthews used afterwards to say, that from that casual interview with the cripple little invalid behind the plaster-cast seller's shop-counter, began an acquaintance which ripened into one of the best friendships of his life. He brought several books to the boy, amongst which were Homer and Don Quixote, in both of which Flaxman, then and ever after, took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which breathed through the pages of the former work; his black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic boy laboured to body forth, in sensible shapes, the actions of the Greeks and Trojans.

Like all youthful efforts, his first designs were crude. The proud father one day shewed them to a sculptor, who turned from them with a contemptuous 'Pshaw!' But the boy had the right stuff in him—he had industry and

patience; and he continued to labour incremently at his books and drawings. He then tried his young powers in modelling figures in plaster of Paris, wax, and clay. Some of these early works are still preserved—not because of their merit, but because they are curious as the first healthy efforts of patient genius. The boy was long before he could walk, and he only learned to do so by hobbling along upon crutches. When afterwards reminded of these early pursuits, he remarked: "We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good."

His physical health improving the little Florence threw away his crutches. The kind Mr Matthews invited him to his house, where his wife explained Homer and Milton to him. They helped him also in his self-culture, giving him lessons in Greek and Lain. When under Mrs Matthews, he also attempted with his bit of charcoal, to embody in outline on paper such passages as struck his fancy. His drawings could not however, have been very extraordinary, for when he should a drawing of an eye which he had made to Mortimer, the artist, that gentleman, with affected surprise, exclaimed: 'Is it an oyster?' The sensitive boy was much hart, and for a time took care to avoid shewing his drawings to artists. At length, by dint of perseverance and study, his drawing improved so much, that Mrs Matthews obtained a commission for him from a lady to draw six original drawings in black chalk of subjects in Homer. commission! The boy duly executed the order, and was both well praised and well paid for his work.

At fifteen, Flaxman entered a student at the Royal Academy. Notwithstanding his retiring disposition, he soon became known among the students, and great things

were expected of him. Nor were their expectations disappointed. In his fifteenth year, he gained the silver prize; and next year, he became a candidate for the gold one. Everybody prophesied that he would carry off the medal, for there was none who surpassed him in ability and industry. The youth did his best, and in his after-life honestly affirmed that he deserved the prize, but he lost it, and the gold medal was adjudged to a lad who was not afterwards heard of. This failure on the part of the youth was really of service to him, for defeats do not long cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their real powers. 'Give me time,' said he to his father, 'and I will yet produce works that the Academy will be proud to recognise.' He redoubled his efforts, spared no pains, designed and modelled incessantly, and consequently made steady, if not rapid progress. But, meanwhile, poverty threatened his father's household; the plaster-cast trade yielded a very bare living; and young Flaxman, with resolute self-denial, curtailed his hours of study, and devoted himself to helping his father in the humble details of business. He laid aside his Homer to take up the plaster-trowel. He was willing to work in the humblest department of the trade, so that his father's family might be supported, and the wolf kept from the door. To this drudgery of his art, he served a long apprenticeship; but it did him good-it familiarised him with steady work, and cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome.

Happily, young Flaxman's skill in design had reached the knowledge of Mr Wedgewood, who sought him out for the purpose of employing him in designing improved patterns of china and earthenware, to be produced at his manufactory. Before Wedgewood's time, the designs which figured upon our china and stoneware were hideous, both in design and execution, and he determined to improve both. Finding out Flaxman, he said to him: 'Well, my lad, I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and clever designer. I'm a manufacturer of pots, named Wedgewood. Now, I want you to design some models for me—nothing fantastic, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. You don't think the work beneath you?'

'By no means, sir,' replied Flaxman; 'indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days; call again, and you will see what I can do.'

'That's right—work away! Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds—teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers; but especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!'

'I will do my best, sir, I assure you.' And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr Wedge-wood next called upon him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for various pieces of earthenware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief, the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after-designs for marble.

Engaged in such labours as these, for several years Flaxman executed but few works of art, and these at rare intervals. He lived a quiet, secluded, and simple life, working during the day, and sketching and reading in the evenings. He was so poor, that he had as yet

been only able to find plaster of Paris for his works. Marble was too dear a material for him. He had hitherto executed only one statue in the latter material, and that was a commission.

At length, in the year 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he quitted his father's roof, and rented a small house and studio in Wardour Street, Soho; and, what was more, he married—Ann Denham was the name of his wife—and a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman she was. He believed that in marrying her, he should be able to work with an intenser spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and, besides, was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him: 'So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist!' Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said: 'Ann, I am ruined for an artist.'

'How so, John? How has it happened? And who has done it?'

'It happened,' he replied, 'in the church, and Ann Denham has done it.' He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark, whose opinion was well known, and had been often expressed, that if students would excel, they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also, that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. 'And I,' said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height—'I would be a great artist.'

'And a great artist you shall be,' said his wife, 'and

visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great.'

'But how?' asked Flaxman.

'Work and economise,' rejoined the brave wife; 'I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist.' And so it was determined by the pair that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit.

'I will go to Rome,' said Flaxman, 'and shew the president that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me!'

Patiently and happily this affectionate couple plodded on during five years in that humble little home in Wardour Street, always with the long journey to Rome before them. It was never lost sight of for a moment, and not a penny was uselessly spent that could be saved towards the necessary expenses.

At length Flaxman and his wife, having thriftily accumulated a sufficient store of savings, set out for Rome. Arrived there, he applied himself diligently to study, maintaining himself, like other poor artists, by making copies. He prepared to return to England, his taste improved and cultivated by careful study.

His fame had preceded him, and he soon found abundant lucrative employment. While at Rome, he had been commissioned to execute his famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield, and it was erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey shortly after his return. It stands there in majestic grandeur, a monument to the genius of Flaxman himself—calm, simple, and severe. No wonder that Banks, the sculptor, then in the heyday of his fame, exclaimed, when he saw it: 'This little man cuts us all out!'

He was soon after elected a member of the Royal Academy. His progress was now rapid, and he was constantly employed. Perseverance and study, which had matured his genius, had made him great, and he went on from triumph to triumph. But he appeared in yet a new character. The little boy, who had begun his studies behind the poor plaster-cast seller's shop-counter in New Street, Covent Garden, was now a man of high intellect and recognised supremacy in art, and was elected to instruct aspiring students in the character of Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy! And no man better deserved to fill that distinguished office, for none is so able to instruct others as he who for himself, and by his own almost unaided efforts, has learned to grapple with and overcome difficulties.

Flaxman's monuments are known nearly all over England. Whatever work of this kind he executed, he threw a soul and meaning into it.

Flaxman died after a long, peaceful, and happy life, having survived his wife Ann several years.

## ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

2

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

3.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

4

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

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Still, where rosy Pleasure leads, See a kindred Grief pursue; Behind the steps that Misery treads Approaching Comfort view: The hues of bliss more brightly glow Chastised by sabler tints of woe, And blended, form, with artful strife, The strength and harmony of life.

6.

See the wretch that long has tossed
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

## SEA-FOG, AND WRECK.

On the 9th of May, we reached Halifax, off which port we were detained in a very disagreeable way; for we had the misfortune to be kept three whole days off the harbour, in one of those Nova-Scotia fogs, which are celebrated all over the world. I can hardly give by description an idea of how gloomy they are; but I think their effects may be compared to those of the sirocco, with the further annoyance that, while they last, we are not able to see far beyond our noses. They are even worse than rain, for they seem to wet one through sooner; while they make everything appear dreary, and certainly render every one lazy and discontented.

On the day we made the land, we had great hopes of being able to enter the harbour, as the wind was fair:

when, all at once, we were surrounded by so thick a mist that, for the three succeeding days, we could not see above twenty yards on any side.

There are few things, indeed, more provoking the these fogs off Halifax; for, as they happen to be companions of that very wind, the south-east, which is the best for running in, the navigator is plagued with the tormenting consciousness, that if he could be allowed by a couple of hours' clear weather, his port would be gained, The clearing up, therefore, d and his troubles over. these odious clouds or veils is about the most delightful thing I know; and the instantaneous effect which a distinct sight of the land, or even of the sharp horizon, when far at sea, has on the mind of every person on heard is quite remarkable. All things look bright, fresh, and more beautiful than ever. The stir over the whole ship s these moments is so great, that even persons sitting below can tell at once that the fog has cleared away. The rapid clatter of the men's feet springing up the hatchways at the lively sound of the boatswain's call to 'make sail!' Then comes the cheerful voice of the officer. soon follows. hailing the topmen to shake out the reefs, trice up the stay-sails, and rig out the booms. That peculiar and wellknown kind of echo, also, by which the sound of the voice is thrown back from the wet sails, contributes, in like manner, to produce a joyous elasticity of spirits, greater. I think, than is excited by most of the ordinary occurrences of a sea-life.

A year or two after the time I am speaking of, it was resolved to place a heavy gun upon the rock on which Sambro light-house is built; and, after a good deal of trouble, a long twenty-four pounder was hoisted up to the highest ridge of this prominent station. It was

then arranged that, if on the arrival of any ship off the harbour in a period of fog, she chose to fire guns, these were to be answered from the light-house; and in this way a kind of audible, though invisible, telegraph might be set to work. If it happened that the officers of the ship were sufficiently familiar with the ground, and possessed nerves stout enough for such a groping kind of navigation, perilous at best, it was possible to run fairly into the harbour, notwithstanding the obscurity, by watching the sound of these guns, and attending closely to the depth of water.

I never sailed in any ship which ventured upon this feat : but I perfectly recollect a curious circumstance, which occurred, I think, to His Majesty's ship Cambrian. She had run in from sea towards the coast, enveloped in one of these dense fogs. Of course they took it for granted that the light-house and the adjacent land, Halifax included, were likewise covered with an impenetrable cloud or mist. But it so chanced, by what freak of Dame Nature I know not, that the fog on that day was confined to the deep water; so that we, who were in the port, could see it, at the distance of several miles from the coast, lying on the ocean like a huge stratum of snow, with an abrupt face, fronting the shore. The Cambrian, lost in the midst of this fog-bank, supposing herself to be near the land, fired a gun. To this the light-house replied; and so the ship and the light went on, pelting away, gun for gun, during half the day, without ever seeing one another. people at the light-house had no means of communicating to the frigate, that, if she would only stand on a little further, she would disentangle herself from the cloud, in which, like Jupiter Olympius of old, she was wasting her thunder.

At last the captain, hopeless of its clearing up, gave orders to pipe to dinner; but as the weather, in all respects except this impenetrable mist, was quite fine and the ship was still in deep water, he directed her to be steered towards the shore, and the lead kept constant going. As one o'clock approached, he began to kel uneasy, from the water shoaling, and the light-house gus sounding closer and closer; but being unwilling to disturb the men at their dinner, he resolved to stand on for the remaining ten minutes of the hour. Lo and hehold! however, they had not sailed half a mile further, before the flying jib-boom end emerged from the wall of fog. then the bowsprit shot into daylight, and, lastly, the ship herself glided out of the cloud into the full blam of a bright and 'sunshine holiday.' All hands were instantly turned up to make sail; and the men, as they flew on deck, could scarcely believe their senses when they saw behind them the huge bank, right ahead the harhour's mouth, with the bold cliffs of Cape Sambro on the left, and, further on, the ships at their moorings, with their ensigns and pendants blowing out, light and dry in the breeze.

A far different fate, alas! attended His Majesty's ship Atalante, Captain Frederick Hickey. On the morning of the 10th of November 1813, this ship stood in for Halifar harbour in very thick weather, carefully feeling her way with the lead, and having look-out men at the jib-boom end, fore-yard-arms, and everywhere else from which a glimpse of the land was likely to be obtained. After breakfast, a fog signal-gun was fired, in the expectation of its being answered by the light-house on Cape Sambro, near which it was known they must be. Within a few minutes, accordingly, a gun was heard in the north-north-

west quarter, exactly where the light was supposed to lie. As the soundings agreed with the estimated position of the ship, and as the guns from the Atalante, fired at intervals of fifteen minutes, were regularly answered in the direction of the harbour's mouth, it was determined to stand on, so as to enter the port under the guidance of these sounds alone. By a fatal coincidence of circumstances, however, these answering guns were fired, not by Cape Sambro, but by His Majesty's ship Barrossa, which was likewise entangled by the fog. She, too, supposed that she was communicating with the light-house, whereas it was the guns of the unfortunate Atalante that she heard all the time.

There was, certainly, no inconsiderable risk incurred by running in for the harbour's mouth under such circumstances, even if the guns had been fired by the light-house. But it will often happen that it becomes an officer's duty to put his ship, as well as his life, in hazard; and this appears to have been exactly one of those cases. Captain Hickey was charged with urgent dispatches relative to the enemy's fleet, which it was of the greatest importance should be delivered without an hour's delay. But there was every appearance of this fog lasting a week; and as he and his officers had passed over the ground a hundred times before, and were as intimately acquainted with the spot as any pilot could be, it was resolved to try the bold experiment; and the ship was forthwith steered in the supposed direction of Halifax.

They had not, however, stood on far, before one of the look-out men exclaimed: 'Breakers ahead! hard a-starboard!' But it was too late, for, before the helm could be put over, the ship was amongst those formidable reefs known by the name of the Sisters' Rocks, or eastern ledge

of Sambro Island. The rudder and half of the stern-post, together with great part of the false keel, were driven of at the first blow, and floated up alongside. There is some reason to believe, indeed, that a portion of the bottom of the ship, loaded with one hundred and twenty tons of iron ballast, was torn from the upper works by this fearful blow, and that the ship, which instantly filled with water, was afterwards buoyed up merely by the empty casks, till the decks and sides were burst through or riven asunder by the waves.

The captain, who, throughout the whole scene continued as composed as if nothing remarkable had occurred. now ordered the guns to be thrown overboard; but before one of them could be cast loose, or a breeching cut, the ship fell over so much, that the men could not stand. It was, therefore, with great difficulty that a few guns were fired as signals of distress. In the same breath that this order was given, Captain Hickey desired the yard-tackles to be hooked, in order that the pinnace might be hoisted out; but as the masts, deprived of their foundation, barely stood, tottering from side to side, the people were called down again. The quarter-boats were then lowered into the water with some difficulty; but the jolly-bost which happened to be on the poop undergoing repairs in being launched overboard, struck against one of the stemdavits, bilged, and went down. As the ship was now falling fast over on her beam-ends, directions were given to cut away the fore and mainmasts. Fortunately, they fell without injuring the large boat on the booms—their grand hope. At the instant of this crash, the ship parted in two, between the main and mizen-masts; and within a few seconds afterwards, she again broke right across. between the fore and mainmasts; so that the poor Atalante now formed a mere wreck, divided into three pieces, crumbling into smaller fragments at every send of the swell.

By this time a considerable crowd of the men had scrambled into the pinnace on the booms, in hopes that she might float off as the ship sunk; but Captain Hickey, seeing that the boat so loaded could never swim, desired some twenty of the men to quit her; and, what is particularly worthy of remark, his orders, which were given with the most perfect coolness, were as promptly obeyed Throughout the whole of these trying moments, indeed, the discipline of the ship appears to have been maintained, not only without the smallest trace of insubordination, but with a degree of cheerfulness which is described as truly wonderful. Even when the masts fell. the sound of the crashing spars were drowned in the animating huzzas of the undaunted crew, though they were then clinging to the weather-gunwale, with the sea, from time to time, making a clean breach over them, and were expecting every instant to be carried to the bottom!

As soon as the pinnace was relieved from the pressure of the crowd, she floated off the booms, or rather was knocked off by a sea, which turned her bottom upwards, and whelmed her into the surf amidst the fragments of the wreck. The people, however, imitating the gallant bearing of their captain, and keeping their eyes fixed upon him, never for one instant lost their self-possession. By dint of great exertions, they succeeded in not only righting the boat, but in disentangling her from the confused heap of spars, and the dash of the breakers, so as to place her at a little distance from the wreck, where they waited for further orders from the captain, who, with about forty

men, still clung to the poor remains of the gay Atalants, once so much admired!

An attempt was next made to construct a raft, as it was feared the three boats could not possibly carry all hands; but the violence of the waves prevented this, and it was resolved to trust to the boats alone, though they were already, to all appearance, quite full. It became now, however, absolutely necessary to take to them, as the wreck was disappearing rapidly; and in order to pack close, most of the men were removed to the pinnace, where they were laid flat in the bottom, like herrings in a barrel, while the small boats returned to pick off the rest. This proved no easy matter in any case, while in others it was found impossible; so that many men had to swim for it; others were dragged through the waves by ropes, and some were forked off by oars and other small spars.

Amongst the crew there was one famous, merry fellow, a black fiddler, who was discovered at this critical juncture, clinging to the main chains, with his beloved Cremons squeezed tightly but delicately under his arm—a ludicrous picture of distress, and a subject of some joking amongst the men, even at this moment. It soon became indispensable that he should lose one of two things—his fiddle or his life. So, at last, after a painful struggle, the professor and his violin were obliged to part company!

The poor negro musician's tenacity of purpose arose from sheer love of his art; but there was another laugh raised about the same time, at the expense of the captain's clerk, who, stimulated purely by a sense of duty, lost all recollection of himself, in his anxiety to save what was intrusted to his care, and thus both he and his charge had nearly gone to the bottom. This zealous person had general instructions that, whenever guns were fired, or

any other circumstance occurred likely to shake the chronometer, he was to hold it in his hand, to prevent the concussion deranging its works. As soon, therefore, as the poor ship dashed against the rocks, the clerk's thoughts naturally turned exclusively on the timepiece. He caught up the precious watch, and ran on deck; but being no swimmer, was obliged to cling to the mizenmast, where he stuck fast, careless of everything but his important trust. When the ship fell over, the mast became almost horizontal, and he managed to creep along till he reached the mizentop, where he seated himself, in some trepidation, grinning like a monkey who has run off with a cocoa-nut, till the spar gave way, and he was plunged, chronometer and all, right overboard. Every eye was now turned to the spot, to see whether this most public-spirited of scribes was ever to appear again, when, to the great joy of all hands, he emerged from the waves-watch still in hand! but it was not without great difficulty that he was dragged into one of the boats, half drowned.

With the exception of this fortunate chronometer, and the admiral's dispatches, which the captain had secured when the ship first struck, everything on board was lost.

The pinnace now contained seventy-nine men and one woman, the cutter forty-two, and the gig eighteen, with which cargoes they barely floated. Captain Hickey, of course, was the last man who left the wreck; though such had become the respect and affection felt for him by his crew, that those who stood along with him on the last vestige of the ship, evinced great reluctance at leaving their commander even for a moment in such a perilous predicament. So speedy, indeed, was the work of destruction, that by the time the captain reached the boat, the

wreck had almost entirely melted into the yeast of waves. As she went down, the crew gave three hearty cheers, and then finally abandoned the scattered fragments of what had been their house and home for nearly seven years.

The fog still continued as thick as ever : and, as the binnacles had both been washed overboard, no compass could be procured. The wind also being still light, there was great difficulty in steering in a straight line. dilemma, a resource was hit upon, which for a time answered pretty well to guide them. It being known loosely before leaving the wreck in what direction the land was situated, the three boats were placed in a row pointing that way. The sternmost boat then quitted her station in the rear, and pulled ahead till she came in a line with the other two boats, but took care not to go so far as to be lost in the fog; the boat which was now furthest astern then rowed ahead, as the first had done; and so on, doubling along, one after the other. tardy method of proceeding answered only for a time; for at length they found themselves completely at a loss which way to steer. Precisely at this moment of greatest need, an old quarter-master, Samuel Shanks by name, recollected that at the end of his watch-chain there hung a small compass-seal. This precious discovery being announced to the other boats by a joyous shout from the pinnace, and the compass being speedily handed into the gig to the captain, it was placed on the top of the chronemeter, so nobly saved by the clerk. As this instrument worked on jimbles, the little needle remained upon it sufficiently steady for steering the boats within a few points. The course now secured insured their hitting the land, from which they had been steering quite wide.

Before reaching the shore, they fell in with an old

fisherman who piloted them to a bight called Portuguese Cove, where they all landed in safety, at the distance of twenty miles from the town of Halifax. The fishermen lighted great fires to warm their shivering guests, most of whom being very lightly clad, and all, of course, dripping wet, were in a very sorry predicament; many of them, also, were miserably cramped by close packing in the Some of the men, especially of those who entered the boats last, having been obliged to swim for their lives, had thrown off everything but their trousers, so that the only respectably-dressed person out of the whole party was old Shanks, the owner of the watch and compass-seal, a steady hard-a-weather sailor, who throughout took the whole affair as deliberately as if shipwreck had been an everyday occurrence. He did not even take off his hat, except, indeed, to give his good ship a cheer as she went to the bottom.

Their subsequent measures were soon decided upon. The captain carried the three boats round to the harbour, taking with him the men who had suffered most from fatigue, and those who were worst off for clothes. The officers then set out with the rest, to march across the country to Halifax, in three divisions, keeping together with as much regularity as if they had been proceeding upon some previously arranged piece of service. Very few of the party could boast of shoes, an inconvenience which was felt more severely than it would otherwise have been, from their having to trudge over a country but partially cleared of wood. Notwithstanding all this, there was not a single straggler; and the whole ship's company, officer, man, and boy, assembled in the evening at Halifax, in as exact order as if their ship had met with no accident.

I have been more particular in describing this ship-

wreak, from its appearing to offer several uncommon and some useful details, well worthy, I think, of the notice of practical men, in every profession.

It is rather an unusual combination of disasters for a ship to be so totally wrecked, as to be actually obliterated from the face of the waters, in the course of a quarter of an hour, in fine weather, in the daytime, on well-known rocks, and close to a light-house, but without the loss of a single man, or the smallest accident to any person on board.

In the next place, it is highly important to observe, that the lives of the crew, in all probability, would not, and perhaps could not, have been saved, had the discipline been in the smallest degree less exactly maintained. Had any impatience been manifested by the people to rush into the boats, or had the captain not possessed sufficient authority to reduce the numbers which had crowded into the pinnace, when she was still resting on the booms, at least half of the crew must have lost their lives.

It was chiefly, therefore, if not entirely, to the personal influence which Captain Hickey possessed over the minds of all on board, that their safety was owing. Their habitual confidence in his fortitude, talents, and professional knowledge, had, from long experience, become so great, that every man in the ship, in this extremity of danger, instinctively turned to him for assistance; and seeing him so cheerfully and so completely master of himself, they relinquished to his well-known and often-tried sagacity the formidable task of extricating them from the impending peril. It is at such moments as these, indeed, that the grand distinction between man and man is developed, and the full ascendancy of a powerful and well-regulated mind makes itself felt. The alightest

hesitation on the captain's part, the smallest want of decision, or any uncertainty as to what was the very best thing to be done, if betrayed by a word or look of his, would have shot, like an electric spark, through the whole ship's company—a tumultuous rush would have been made to the boats—and two out of the three, if not all, must have been swamped, and every man in them drowned.

Captain Hickey and his crew had been serving together in the same ship for many years before, in the course of which period they had acquired so thorough an acquaintance with one another, that this great trial, instead of loosening the discipline, only augmented its compactness, and thus enabled the commander to bring all his knowledge, and all the resources of his vigorous understanding, to bear at once, with such admirable effect, upon the difficulties by which he was surrounded.

There are some men who actually derive more credit from their deportment under the severest losses, than others can manage to earn by brilliant success; and it may certainly be said that Captain Hickey is one of these; for, although he had the great misfortune to lose his ship, he must ever enjoy the noble satisfaction of knowing, that his skill and firmness, rendered effective by the discipline he had been so many years in perfecting, enabled him to save the lives of more than a hundred persons, who, but for him, in all human probability, must have perished with their hapless chief.



# THE HORSE AND THE LOADED ASS

A man who kept a horse and an ass was wont on his journeys to spare the horse, and put all the burden onthe The ass, who had been sometime ailing ass's back. besought the horse one day to relieve him of part of is load. 'For if,' said he, 'you will take a fair portion, I shall soon get well again; but if you refuse to help me, this weight will kill me.' The horse, however, bade the ass get on and not trouble him with his complaints The ass jogged on in silence, but presently, overcome with the weight of his burden, dropped down deed, as he had foretold. Upon this, the master coming up, unlossed the load from the dead ass, and putting it upon the horse's back, made him carry the ass's carcass in addition. 'Alas for my ill-nature!' said the horse; 'by refusing to bear my just portion of the load, I have now to carry the whole of it, with a dead weight into the bargain.

# THE FIR-TREE AND THE BRAMBLE

A fir-tree was one day boasting itself to a bramble: 'You are of no use at all; but how could barns and houses be built without me?' 'Good sir,' said the bramble, 'when the woodmen come here with their axes and saws, what would you give to be a bramble and not a fir?'

#### THE FOX AND THE MASK.

A fox had stolen into the house of an actor, and in rummaging his various properties, laid hold of a highly-inished mask. 'A fine-looking head, indeed!' cried he; 'what a pity it is it wants brains!'

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

1.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the Six Hundred.
'Charge!' was the captain's cry,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

2.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

3

Flashed all their sabres bare. Flashed all at once in air. Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while

All the world wondered; Plunged in the battery smoke. Fiercely the line they broke: Strong was the sabre stroke:

Making an army reel Shaken and sundered. Then they rode back, but not-Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered: Stormed at with shot and shell. They that had struck so well Rode through the jaws of death. Half a league back again, Up from the mouth of hell. All that was left of them-

Left of Six Hundred.

5

Honour the brave and bold! Long shall the tale be told. Yea, when our babes are old— How they rode onward.

# MRS SEMPILL'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT GENTILITY.

All over Scotland, a custom prevails amongst persons in the least removed above indigence, of preparing every summer a certain quantity of gooseberry-jam and currentjelly, or one or other of these preserves, which they usually store in little pots, and set carefully by, to be used at high tea-drinkings during the ensuing winter, or applied as a cure for sore throats, supposing that any of the family should become liable to that ailment. As almost everybody in the country has a garden, in which the fruit is raised, the expense of this little luxury is not great; yet it is sufficient to put the article beyond the reach of the poorer class, who therefore only become acquainted with jelly or jam when, in the event of any illness befalling them, some kind neighbour in better circumstances sends a pot of the precious condiment, to aid in effecting a cure, or to alleviate the languor of a sick-bed. Amongst children of all denominations, it is the very first luxury known or enjoyed; and hence, to them, the season for making it is one of the most important in the whole year, seeing that it is not easy for mothers, or aunts, or grandmothers, to perform the operation without certain not inconsiderable spillings finding their way to young mouths.

Though perhaps three-fourths of the respectable burghers' wives make these preserves, it may readily be supposed that all do not possess, as their own property, the brazen pan required for the purpose. In fact, very 'ew pans are needed amongst a considerable population. By virtue of the general system of borrowing and lending, which subsists in country places, one pan may serve some twenty or thirty people every season. In a certain respectable west-country town, a few years ago, there were but three pans—one belonging to the minister, another to the master of the boarding-school, and a third to the relict of a wealthy citizen deceased. When the time drew night for the making of jelly, these pans were drawn from the seclusion in which they lay during the rest of the very and carefully scoured. But it was odds if their respective owners got an easy or convenient use made of them. The applications for the loan of the utensil came so fast and thick, that it was with no small difficulty that either the minister's wife, or the wife of the keeper of the hoardingschool, or Mrs Mitchell, the respectable old citizen's widow, could get her own jelly made on the very day when the ripeness of her berries rendered the process desirable. The ladies would either make a formal call to prefer the request in person, or, if more at ease, some such message as this would come by the errand-going daughter for the time being: 'My mother sends her compliments to you, Mrs Mitchell, and would be much obliged for the loss of the brass pan;' to which the answer would probably be: 'Make my compliments to your mother, and tell her that the pan is engaged to-day to Mrs Harper, and to-morrow to Mrs Jamieson, and on Friday to Mrs Thomson, and on Saturday I intend to use it myself; but your mother shall have it on Monday.' This will serve to give some idea of the active service which these three brass pans underwent in the jelly-making season. In fact, during three weeks of July, it was scarcely possible to walk along the street of this quiet old place without getting a glimpse of some one of these three flaming culinary articles, as it was

whisked along in the hands of the servant-lasses from the house where it had been, to that in which it was to be used.

One year, a certain Mrs Sempill resolved to make a few pots of current-jelly for the first time. She was the wife of a watchmaker in a very small way, whose sign of a huge gilt watch on the outside, with the hands eternally indicating twenty-five minutes past nine, was but poorly supported within by an empty cloak-case, and three saucers on a table near the window, containing the disjected members of certain horologes long ago sent in to be mended, but which, after being taken down, had somehow never been put up again, so that the owners had ceased years ago even to inquire after them. Mr Sempill, however. had a small allowance for keeping the town-clock in order, and, what with repairing eight-day clocks at the houses of the owners, and other sources of revenue, he contrived to live much as other poor tradesmen do. wife was a soft, good-natured, sluttish woman, with a large family of small children, who, as she had no servant, fell entirely to be managed, or, properly speaking, mismanaged, by herself. The back-room in which they lived was constantly overflowing into the shop and street with little creatures, in whom the human lineaments could scarcely be discerned beneath the thick stratum of dirt with which their faces were incrusted, but who, nevertheless, seemed as happy with pillows for dolls, and teaspoons for toys, as if they had had the contents of a bazear at their command. The heart of the stoutest housewife might have sunk beneath such a tremendous load of duty as fell to the lot of poor Mrs Sempill. her part, she had never attempted to grapple with it. she could contrive to prepare their meals with some sort

of punctuality, it was the utmost she could do. As for her person, it was never strictly in good trim. Even the black prints which she wore for their eminently useful virtue of keeping long clean, were glaringly dirty. She had altogether a torn-down, worn-out look, as if she every day endured a fate not much less harassing than that of poor Honoria, represented in Chaucer's ancient tale, as every day torn to pieces by the dogs of her rejected lover. A sterner or more refined nature would have been broken by such circumstances: but poor Mrs Sempill was of that easy temper which does not grieve itself about what cannot be avoided, and she struggled on through twenty years of incessant drudgery of the worst kind with nothing like the ultimate exhaustion which might have been expected.

One year, I say, Mrs Sempill resolved to make her own jelly. It was an almost unaccountable resolution. Perhaps some one had made her a present of the fruit: or some debt of long standing had been unexpectedly paid : or Mr Sempill had got an order for a new mainspring for a gentleman's watch; or some other uncommonly agreeable circumstance had occurred to disturb the unfortunate torn-down woman in her monotony of contented poverty, and inspire her with the idea of for once imitating her betters. However the notion was suggested to her, certain it is that Mrs Sempill did make preparations for the boiling of a panful of current-jelly. The requisite utensil was bespoken from Mrs Mitchell with all due ceremony. and as solemnly promised. The sugar was purchased, and the berries were gathered. Great was the sensation produced amongst the host of youngsters, from the eldest boy, aged twelve, down to the prattlers of two or three years, when it was discovered that there was to be a

making of jelly that night in the house. A subdued ebullition of great joy went through all hearts. The usual amount of noise and turbulence was diminished about one-half; and even Tam, noted as the most irrepressibly mischievous of the whole clan, was for two hours a positively well-behaved boy. About three in the afternoon they were all set down at a table with their mother to pick the berries from the stalks, in order to prepare them for the pan. There were strict injunctions to eat none; but of what use are all the demands of a morality which goes beyond the ordinary limits of human virtue? The temptation to eat was irresistible, and eat they did accordingly. Mrs Sempill, in the course of her other duties, now and then cast an eye to the little busy fry around the table, and often would she cry: 'Now, Tam, you're eating,' 'Bob, ye villain, if I come to you,' and so forth; but it was all in vain. The eating was kept up just as long as there remained any berries to be picked; after which, feeling that prompt measures were best, they each seized a handful out of the basin, and rushed out of doors in a whirlwind of triumphant laughter, to devour the spoil at leisure, and mock the gaze of powerless vexation with which their mother followed them.

A quarter of an hour served at any time to reconcile Mrs Sempill to her offending offspring, and no more was necessary on the present occasion. One by one they came quietly in, and once more took up their positions in the kitchen, where they found their mother engaged in straining the berries through a piece of cloth. All gazed with wonder and delight on the red stream which poured through the cloth into the pan; and when that operation was concluded, and the cloth with its contents laid aside, all rushed with eagerness

on the pulp of husks, of which in a few minutes they scarcely left a single particle. Mrs Sempill complained grievously of their depredations on the fruit, which she said, had been reduced by them to about a half; but they were accustomed to such complaints. Having placed the pan containing the juice of the berries on the hearthstone, she put in her sugar, and then went to a press to get a spoon wherewith to stir the mess. Her back was not turned above half a minute, yet in that little time a new attack had been made upon the materials of her jelly. When she once more turned her eves to the fireside, she beheld the whole tribe gathered in a dense cluster around the pan, no part of which was visible for heads, while a score of fingers were busily engaged in conveying portions of the raw, but yet sweet mixture, towards not much fewer mouths—an object, nevertheless, which did not so entirely engross them, but that they had drawn several murderous-looking streaks with the red liquor across each other's faces, partly through a spirit of fun, and partly to revenge certain attempts at monopoly which they had severally made. The mother's heart sank within her at the sight. She was very near being almost angry. But a scream from one, upon whose bare foot a red cinder had fallen, banished the unworthy feeling, and preserved her equanimity. The great time had at length arrived. All was eager expectation and wonder. On stools and chairs in front of the fire or upon the hobs beside it, the whole crew perched themselves, in order to command a bird's-eye, or rather, perhaps, a sheep's-eye view of the interior of the vessel. through which their mother caused the spoon incessantly to wander. 'Eh, how the sugar's melting! Eh. how the bubbles are coming up! Eh, how red it is!' were among the exclamations which broke from them every moment, whilst every eye glistened with delight, and every mouth gushed with the water of 'Eh, mother, I'll stir for you,' cried Tam. 'No, let me-let me-let me-let me!' exclaimed half a score other voices, amongst which could be heard that of the child of two years, who only spoke from imitation This the mother, for reasons good, of the rest. was pleased to decline, although the perspiration was already pouring in streams over her good-natured cheeks. Tam, however, was not to be balked in his obliging design; so he rushed to a drawer, got a horn-spoon, and next instant was aiding his mother in her culinary duty. The help he gave might have been repelled, if the rest had not immediately followed his example; so that, before she could utter a word of remonstrance, her spoon was struggling in the boiling mess with six or eight others, wielded by hands quite as vigorous, and a little more active than her own. To have attempted to thrust out these volunteer spoons, would, she perceived, only cause the loss of as much jelly as would stick to them, and this as often as they might be withdrawn. Feeling herself quite unable to contend with the enemy, she tried to temporise with him. She said she would allow them to stir, if they would promise not to take out the spoons to lick them. All readily promised, and next moment, as if the forbiddance had only served to suggest the trick to them, each man was seen cooling his spoon by a vigorous application of his breath, and endeavouring to divest it of its luscious burden. Vain was every piteous protestation of the perspiring woman-vain every threat (for she at length began to threaten)-equally vain all attempts to thrust them away from a place to which the

necessity of constant stirring chained herself. She vivel she would tell their father, and they should see what he would say; but they well knew that they would all be in their heds before he came home. By and by the time came when she herself should taste the jelly to securtain if it was sufficiently boiled; and for this purpower she took out some, which she put into a some and placed on the dresser. When, after a minute, she turned round to taste this little quantity, she beheld the saucer applied vertically to Tam's face, while his two wicked gray eyes twinkled merrily over the upper edge. The rancal had licked it as clean as if it had been washed. 'Ah, Tam!' she could only cry. She now put a small quantity into two saucers, which she placed on the sides of the fireplace, so as to be directly under her eve. That instant both were whisked off by two new culprits, who mocurely enjoyed the treat at the back of the door, while she could only cry to them that they should have none when it was ready. But these tricks of three of the younkers unavoidably led to other tricks, it being an old-established maxim in this house, that, if one got anything good, whether by free-will offering or by stealth, all the rest were entitled to as much. Davie, therefore, and Will, considering themselves defrauded by Tam. Jock, and Peter, instantly set about measures for the purpose of righting themselves; and seizing two of the little pots which their mother had placed on the table for the reception of the jelly, began to help themselves to a reasonable proportion out of the pan by means of their spoons. The mother entreated that they would put down the pots, as the jelly was now ready, and would spoil if longer kept on the fire. She even promised them whole slices of bread covered with jelly if they would do as she bade them. But they had long come to know the force of the old proverb, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Mrs Sempill was now in a sad stew with heat and apprehension, and wished heartily that she had never attempted to make jelly. 'Oh, bairns, bairns,' she exclaimed piteously; then added in her own thoughts, 'was there ever any poor woman so tormented by a family as I have been! If he had but been at hame himself (meaning her husband). they might have been kept away from me a while. But he's never here when he's wanted.' All regrets, however, were now vain, and she was glad to conclude the business, as she thought, by pouring out the contents of her pan, which she found would fill only three pots and a tea-cup, being not above the half of what she would have had if the children, to use her own expression, had behaved themselves.

In a compound state between parboiled, baked, and melted, poor Mrs Sempill now sat down to rest on a chair as far from the fire as possible, while the juveniles, still far from sated, flocked about the three pots and the tea-cup, to gaze upon the still hot liquid, and calculate how many slices of loaf it could make delicious. Nothing of course but the absolute dread of scalding their fingers could have prevented them from plunging into it; the mother knew that, and was for the meantime at ease on the subject. But this state of things lasted but for a short time. A tremendous attack was now made upon her for pieces with jelly on them, by way of trying it. She had, they alleged, promised them as much, and there, they said, was the loaf ready to be cut for the purpose. 'Weel, but, bairns, ye have taken twice as much already as would have made jelly-pieces for ye. You canna baith

est your piece and has it.' 'Ah, but you promised' they said; and from this position nothing could drive then As for what had been taken during the cooking win it was not jelly then. They had only taken a fee tantings. Now that it was poured out, and fully made, it was quite a different thing. Worsted even in artment, worthy Mrs Sempill had no alternative but a comply with their requests. Each, in short got a size of bread covered neatly over with the lukewarm staff process which exhausted the tea-cup, and made a cosiderable inroad upon the contents of one of the post So quickly were these pieces devoured, that he who int got one had finished it, and was clamouring for more, long ere she had supplied the last. Vainly did to ty to repel the demand. It was immediately supported by a second voice, and these two again by a third belonging to other young gentlemen who had finished their pieces, so that, let her spread as quickly as she liked, she had always one-half clamouring and another eating. At this stage of the business, her hopes were limited to two pots. She thought, if she could only save these, her labours might not be quite in vain. But at this moment some one entered the shop, and she found it necessary to leave the scene of action, to see what was wanted It was only a little girl asking change for a penny; and in despatching this application, little time, it may be supposed, was needed. Yet, short as was the term of her absence, great events had meanwhile taken place in the kitchen. When she returned thither, the first sight that met her eye was one of her full pots in the act of tumbling off the dresser, from which it had been pushed in a struggle between Jock and Jamie for the possession of the loaf. Of course, the pot broke on the

stone floor, over which its contents spread in a liquid stream. Meanwhile two other youngsters, perched on the table, were busily engaged in spooning out the contents of the next best pot, so that the view presented to Mrs Sempill at the moment of her return was of a nature altogether to afflict her with complete despair. She had now no hope of saving even a wreck of what had cost her so much trouble, and her first and most natural emotion was to resign the whole to that destruction to which it seemed to have been predestined. 'Weel, weel, bairns,' said she, 'just take it all amang you. It's the first jelly I've made, and it will be the last.' She then sat patiently down beside the fire, and looked quietly on while the swarm of her offspring spooned away at the remains of the precious mess, of which, in five minutes, not one particle remained either upon table, or floor, or spoon, or pot, neither in the pan from which the liquid had been poured; nor was there left, indeed, any memorial that such a thing as currentjelly had once been there, excepting here and there a streak across a cheek or a brow, and a general stickiness over most of the furniture of the room, including particularly all handles of doors and drawers, the cause of which must be obvious.

Such was the history of Mrs Sempill's first attempt at gentility. It is scarcely necessary to add, that her last recorded exclamation became a strict truth, and that she never again borrowed Mrs Mitchell's brass pan.



# GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ı.

God save our gracious Queen!
Long may Victoria reign:
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

2.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save the Queen!

3.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

# DICTATION EXERCISES ON PARTICULAR WORDS.

The teacher is presumed to exercise his pupils in dictation from the reading lessons generally. But it has been thought desirable to give at the conclusion of this Standard and of the Series, exercises—first, on words apt to be confounded; and secondly, miscellaneous exercises comprising different styles of writing.

Of course, you will put on coarse clothes for such dirty work.

The deer had fine horns; but it cost so much, I thought it a dear bargain.

I will pay you your due before the dew falls to-night.

Will you dye my blue curtains brown?

I saw my poor horse fall down and die.

As I went up to pay my fare, I saw a fair lady in front of me.

I never walked so far before. It was not an easy feat for my feet to perform.

The fore-horse galloped all the four miles.

He went forth from the king's presence in the fourth year of his reign. The rain was falling; but he leaped on to his horse, seized the reins, and rode along the road to the town at full speed.

The parlour grate is a small grate, but the kitchen grate is a great one.

A hare is larger than a rabbit, and the hair on its coat is darker.

He was a hale old man, and did not mind the pelting hail.

The wound on the cow's heel will never heal, I fear.

Come here, my boy, and hear what I have to tell you.

I heard a story about a large herd of cattle.

Before Tom sailed on the sea, he went to see his grandfather, and sang a hymn to him.

When the duke saw the inn by the wayside, he went in and asked for dinner.

The mistress made a present to her listle maid of an old dres.

When I meet poor John, I will order him a joint of ment from
the butcher's.

I have something in my eye.

The new grocer knew the draper and the shoemaker.

A pale sickly girl brought in a pail of water.

Our boys went to play for an hour.

Every one knows which is the nose.

If you will give me a ripe pear, I will give you may new pair of sciences.

Wrap up the child in a shawl, and then go and rap at the door.

First the clergyman prays, and then he calls on us to sing a pealm of praise.

He read out of a book with a red cover.

It is quite right of Tom to try and write better than he does now.

Mary stares in surprise to see how fast Joe runs up stairs.

The thief tried to steal four steel knives.

Mary sews neatly and so does Ann, while James sows potatoes in the field.

The mother told her little son to look at the sunshine

A funny tale it was Frank told us about the tail of a dog.

One of the tall men won the race.

I will take you to see a large yew-tree.

Do not run too fast, you two little boys.

Harry ate no less than eight pears.

What ails the brewer? He not only brews strong ales, he drinks them too. Last night he fell down stairs, and got a terrible bruise.

When we made the ascent of the mountain, we did it with my father's assent.

Our goat was bred not upon grass but upon bread.

The field itself is in the borough, but the wood and the rabbitburrow are not.

The beech-tree stood on the sea-beach.

His head was bare, and he led a bear by a chain.

Where have you been? To buy a pint of beans.

Be sure you do not touch that bee, or it will sting you.

The sky was blue, though the wind blew roughly.

If you do not bow your head as you pass under the tree, you will be caught by that low bough.

I want to buy the house by the river.

Just as I was sealing my letter, part of the ceiling of the room fell down.

The site I have chosen to build my house on is within sight of the town.

Close that box of clothes carefully.

The higher you climb up the mountains, the colder is the clime you reach, but you can hire a guide to shew you the road. My guide rode beside me.

He led his horse by the bridle, and so went on foot to the bridal of his sister. When we stood by the altar, I wished I could alter my position, and go on the other side.

The privy-council said they knew nothing about it, and could give no counsel in the matter.

The miller's coat was white, but covered with flour, and he had a flower in his button-hole.

The squirrel's fur was rubbed off against the bark of the firtree.

The principal man on the island said it was contrary to his principles to do such a thing.

He tied his boat to a stake, that the tide might not carry it off, and then went to the shop and bought a beef-steak.



# MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

# OUR BETTERS.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great mea admired; they admired great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

THACKERAY-Lectures on English Humorists.

# PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance is a prime quality in every pursuit. Youth is, too, the time of life to acquire this inestimable habit. Men fail much oftener from want of perseverance than from want of talent and good disposition. As the race was not to the hare but to the tortoise, so the meed of success is not to him who is in haste, but to him who proceeds with a steady and even step.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

#### INDUSTRY.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations: it is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling: it is the north-west passage that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

CLARENDON.

# COTTON.

Cotton consists of the fine long hairs which grow from the seeds of several varieties of Gossypium. These hairs are so long and numerous, that they completely fill the pod or seed-vessel. They are very delicate, of the same size throughout, but seldom jointed, and they are each separate from the other. The cotton-plant is chiefly cultivated in the Southern States of North America and in India. It is produced in great abundance, and is exported to England, where it is manufactured into cloth. The cotton-factories are chiefly in Lancashire.

# A CRIMEAN HERO.

The colonel being wounded, Champion took the command of the regiment. He was a man of great gentleness and piety; and if he was not highly endowed with intellectual gifts, he was able to express the feelings of his heart with something of a poetic force. His mind was accustomed to dwell very much on the world that lies beyond the grave; and in the midst of this scene of carnage he gained, as it were, a seeming glimpse of the happy state; for when the younger Eddington fell at his side, Champion paused to see what ailed him, and looking upon his young friend's pale face, he saw it suddenly clothed with a 'most sweet expression.' It was because death was on him that the blissful look had come. In the mind of Champion the sight had a deep import; for he was of the faith that God's providence is special, and to him the beautiful smile on the features of the dead was the smile of an immortal man gently carried away from earth by the very hand of his Maker.

Yet this piety of his was of no unwarlike cast. Nay, he was of so noble a sort that, though he had willingly chosen the profession of arms, yet, when he prayed, he was accustomed to render thanks to his Creator for vouchsafing to make him a hardy

soldier; and being, he said, very strong in the belief that he could die as piously on the battle-field as in a downy bed, he pressed on content, with his soldiers, to the face of the great redoubt.

KINGLAKE'S Crimer

# FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW,

JANUARY 31, 1863.

If the termination of the American war is already possible, the cautious and conciliatory proposal of the French government may facilitate the commencement of negotiations. The offer of mediation which was formerly discountenanced by England and Russia, involved an armistice by sea which would have established the independence of the Confederacy by putting an end to the blockade. The French emperor is now careful to profess his friendship for the government of Washington, and to explain that negotiation between the belligerents would not be inconsistent with the continuance of hostilities.

#### ENERGY.

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

BURYON.

#### GUTTA PERCHA.

Gutta percha is a substance possessing many useful and valuable properties. It was unknown in Europe until a very recent date, though it is said to have been in common use for a long period previous to our discovery of its utility amongst the natives of the Indian Archipelago. It is the concrete juice of a large tree, and is brought to Europe in irregular masses of a brown colour, containing various impurities, which are easily got rid of by working it in hot water. It possesses the desirable properties of being solid, slightly elastic, and very tough. It is used for very many industrial purposes.

# CAOUTCHOUG.

Caoutchouc, or India rubber, which, till recently, was used only for rubbing out pencil-marks, is now made serviceable for almost innumerable purposes. It is the solidified juice of several trees, such as the Siphonia, the Jatropha elastica, and the Ficus elastica. It is got by making incisions in the trunk of these trees during winter, and collecting the juice, which is a compound of caoutchouc and water. The water evaporates, and the caoutchouc remains.

#### PERFECTION OF GOD'S WORKS.

Apply the microscope to any of the most minute of God's works, nothing is to be found but beauty and perfection. If we examine the numberless species of insects that swim, creep, or fly around us, what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry shall we perceive in all their organs! what a profusion of colouring—azure, green, and vermilion! On their wings, head, and every other part we discern delicate fringe and rich embroidery. How

high the finishing! how inimitable the polish we everywhere behold! The most perfect works of man betray a meanness, a poverty, an inability in the workman; but the works of nature plainly prove that the hand which formed them was Divine.

PLATT.

#### GOD'S GOODNESS AND CARE.

In everything which respects this awful, but, as we trust, glorious change of death, we have a wise and powerful Being (the author in nature of infinitely various expedients for infinitely various ends) upon whom to rely for the choice and appointment of means adequate to the execution of any plan which His goodness or His justice may have formed for the moral and accountable part of His terrestrial creation. That great office rests with Him; be it ours to hope and to prepare, under a firm and settled persuasion, that, living and dying, we are His; that life is passed in His constant presence, that death resigns us to His merciful disposal.

PALEY.

#### AN ANECDOTE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

At that moment affairs were going ill with the French. The appearance of our head-quarters on the knoll had been marked by our allies as well as by the enemy; for now a French aid-de-camp, in great haste, came climbing up the knoll to seek Lord Raglan. He seemed to be in a state of grievous excitement; but perhaps it was the violence of his bodily exertion which gave him this appearance, for he had quitted his horse in order the better to mount the steep, and he rushed up bareheaded to Lord Raglan, to ask that he would give some support to the French, and as a ground for the demand, he urged that the French were hardly pressed by the enemy. 'My lord,' he said, 'my lord, my lord, we have before us eight battalions!'... Bending in his saddle, Lord Raglan

turned kindly round towards his right-towards the side of his maimed arm-and his expression was that of one intent to assuage another's pain, but the sunshine of the last two days had tanned him so crimson, that it masked the generous flush which used to come to his face in such moments. He did not look at all like an anxious and vexed commander who had to listen to a desponding message in the midst of a battle. . . . . In his comforting, cheerful way, he said: 'I can spare you a battalion.' But it was something of more worth than the promise of a battalion that the aid-de-camp carried back with him. He carried back tidings of the spirit in which Lord Raglan was conducting the battle. At a time when the French were cast down, it was of some moment to them to learn that the English head-quarters, strangely placed as they were in the midst of the Russian position, wore a scene of robust animation, and that Lord Raglan looked and spoke like a man who had the foe in his power.

KINGLAKE'S Crimea.

#### STORM AT SEA.

'God have mercy upon the poor fellows at sea!' Household words these in English homes, however far inland they may be, and although near them the blue sea may have no better representative than a sedge-choked river or canal along which slow barges urge a lazy way. When the storm-wrack darkens the sky, and gales are abroad, seaward fly the sympathies of English hearts, and the prayer is uttered with perhaps a special reference to some loved and absent sailor. It is those, however, who live on the sea-coast, and watch the struggle going on in all its terrible reality—now welcoming ashore, as wrested from death, some rescued sailor, now mourning over those who have found a sudden grave almost within call of land, that learn truly to realise the fearfulness of the strife, and to find an answer to the moanings of the gale in the prayer: 'God have mercy upon the poor fellows at sea!'

REV. J. GILMORE.

#### GOOD SENSE

There is nothing more desirable than good sense and justness of mind. All other qualities of mind are of limited use, but exactness of judgment is of general utility in every part and in all employments of life. We are too apt to employ reason merely as an instrument for acquiring the sciences, whereas we ought to avail ourselves of the sciences as an instrument for perfecting our reason; justness of mind being infinitely more important than all the speculative knowledge which we can obtain by means of sciences the most solid.

ARNAULD.

# NATURE AND REVELATION.

The existence and character of the Deity is, in every view, the most interesting of all human speculations. In none, however, is it more so than as it facilitates the belief of the fundamental articles of revelation. It is a step to have it proved that there must be something in the world more than what we see. It is a further step to know that amongst the invisible things of nature there must be an intelligent mind concerned in its production, order, and support. These points being assured to us by natural theology, we may well leave to revelation the disclosure of many particulars which our researches cannot reach respecting either the nature of this Being, as the original cause of all things, or his character and designs as a Moral Governor: and not only so, but the mere confirmation of other particulars of which, though they do not lie altogether beyond our reasonings and our probabilities, the certainty is by no means equal to the importance. PALRY.

#### DESIGN IN NATURE.

Were there no example in the world of contrivance except that of the eye, it would be alone sufficient to support the conclusion which we draw from it as to the necessity of an intelligent Creator. It could never be got rid of; because it could not be accounted for by any other supposition which did not contradict all the principles of knowledge we possess; the principles according to which things do, according as they can be brought to the test of experience, turn out to be true or false.

PALEY.

#### BENEVOLENCE OF THE CREATOR.

Assuming the necessity of food for the support of animal life; it is requisite that the animal be provided with organs fitted for the procuring, receiving, and digesting of food. It may also be necessary that the animal be impelled by its sensations to exert its organs. But the pain of hunger would do all this. Why add pleasure to the act of eating, sweetness and relish to the food? Why a new and appropriate sense for the perception of the pleasure? Why should the juice of a peach, applied to the palate, affect the part so differently from what it does when rubbed on the palm of the hand? This is a constitution which, so far as appears to me, can be resolved into nothing but the pure benevolence of the Creator.

PALEY.

# SILK.

Silk is by far the strongest of the textile fabrics, being nearly three times as strong as flax. It consists of the filaments spun by a silk-worm. The worm, moving its head backwards and forwards, spins fine threads of silk, and so covers itself in with a ball of silk. This covering is called a cocoon, and being gathered, furnishes the slender filaments which are spun and woven into the richest and most beautiful of all wearing apparel.

# FLAX-LINEN.

Flax is obtained from the stalks of the flax-plant: it is supposed to have been originally brought from Egypt, where linens have been woven from its fibres from the most remote period to the present time. It is largely cultivated in many countries of Europe. It grows to two or three feet in height, and bears a blue flower. The fibres of the stalk are separated and cleaned by many processes, and then spun into yarn, and woven into linen fabrics.





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